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THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA.

THE importance of the fight of this day week at Abu Klea is, at least, as much political as military; but, as the first battle of the third Egyptian campaign, it deserves that its military character should be discussed first. The death of Colonel BURNABY (the most noteworthy among a list of his companions not less to be regretted because they are less generally known) is no small drawback to the victory, and it removes from English public life of various kinds a man whose career was a distinct rebuke to some of the chief faults and vices of the day. But the losses accompanying the battle are (as it is fair to acknowledge they have been in most of the Egyptian fighting of the last three years) the only blot on the satisfaction which it causes. General STEWART appears to have led his men excellently, and his men appear to have fought in a manner worthy of the picked soldiers of the British army. For the Arabs, they were not inferior to the reputation gained in General GRAHAM's campaign, and once more succeeded by mere dash and courage in temporarily breaking the square; the machine-gun, be it noted, once more proving itself a by no means trustworthy weapon in such circumstances. On the other hand, the light screw-artillery fully justified the opinion which has been held as to their relative value. The conduct of the battle has been made the subject of some hypercriticism. Sir HERBERT STEWART will probably hear with equanimity that, in the opinion of an Irish member of Parliament and newspaper correspondent, he has "violated the rules of war." At present the information received does not justify the belief that General STEWART was in any way caught napping. But it is quite possible that, as on other occasions, the throwing out of skirmishers, invaluable against troops who pursue recognized manœuvres, was employed with too little discretion against foes who put their life in their hands and trust to agility and bodily strength. The whole desert march has been necessarily an affair of some risk, and it is not surprising that some risk was run. The mere statement of the numbers and result—that some ten thousand Arabs attacked a force of fifteen hundred men all told, that they pushed their attack home with the greatest resolution, and were completely defeated—is sufficient to show that the Khartoum relief force has drawn blood in a manner fully worthy of its country and its colours.

Lord WOLSELEY, as he was bound by etiquette to do, hopes that this first severe lesson will also be the last; but it is extremely improbable that he thinks it will be so. OSMAN DIGNA had less to fight for, and far inferior means of fighting, yet his troops were by no means discouraged by the second battle of Teb. It is impossible, too, not to see that the unfortunate capture of Omdurman, the *tête de pont* (except that there is no bridge and that the distance is considerable) of Khartoum itself, and the point at which, if report was true, General GORDON recently gave something of a formal challenge of meeting to the MADHI, must have encouraged the rebels to a degree which a single defeat far from the centre of operations will hardly counterbalance. Both to reap the fruits of Abu Klea and to rescue GORDON it will be necessary that increased speed be made; a fact of which Lord WOLSELEY is at least as well aware as any man who reminds him of it. The rumoured but unconfirmed occupation of Metemneh would be invaluable. But it will probably be necessary for General STEWART to wait there for reinforcements, while his hope of being able to pick

up one of General GORDON's steamers there seems in present circumstances little likely to be fulfilled. For, with Omdurman in the enemy's hands, the defenders of Khartoum must necessarily hold the river with all the force at their disposal. Apprehension, however, after so excellent an opening of the actual fighting as the battle of Abu Klea would be pusillanimous. Heavy as was the relative loss and proportion of killed and wounded to the total numbers engaged—it is nearly as one to eight, while the proportion of officers to men was in its turn about the same—it cannot be said to have been too heavy a price, putting private grief aside, to pay for the renewed demonstration that without entrenchments or any vantage of position, with no extraordinary superiority in armament, and with a vast inferiority of numbers, English soldiers, properly led, can still give a good account of the best fighting races in the world. To boast of this would be unworthy; but there is no harm in being glad of it.

It would be satisfactory if we could be sure that General STEWART's good service to his country has had the full effect upon those who are responsible for that country's destinies. Until the tenor of the Ministerial rejoinder to the French proposals is certainly known, that rejoinder must, of course, be criticized with all reserves. But, if it be true that Mr. GLADSTONE proposes, in spite of the almost unanimous disapproval of the country—a disapproval more unanimous even than the memorable outburst on the subject of the CHILDERS-LESSEPS agreement—to admit in any form an international inspection or Multiple Control in Egyptian finance, then it can only be said that he will have in this matter to repeat his conduct in regard to the former bargain. We say in any form, for the maintenance of the present troublesome powers of the Caisse, with the addition of German and Russian representatives, would be hardly less noxious than a regular Commission of Inquiry and a formal International Control. The solid opinion of England and Scotland (Irishmen are occupied in bemoaning the fact that England still retains some prestige in a country like Greece) has condemned such control and such inspection. There might be no serious objection to the enlargement of the new loan on the French scale; and it is believed, with some justice, that the project of an international guarantee would fall to pieces of itself, owing to the reluctance of some Powers and the certain refusal of others to take individual part in it. That the contribution of the bondholders to the relief of Egyptian difficulties should be made by tax instead of by reduction of interest is, again, unobjectionable enough, the tax being altered to a reasonable amount. But all the other proposals and each of them, in proportion as each and all of them involve international or French meddling, are inadmissible. The country has plainly said this; and, if Mr. GLADSTONE will not obey the country, it rests with Parliament to make him adopt the plain alternative. It should also rest with Parliament to insist, not merely that these French proposals shall not be admitted, but that the English Ministry shall make up their minds to have done once for all with this bandying of schemes. It is perfectly evident that English opinion would support the Government in making an ultimate offer more generous to the bondholders and to Egypt than any yet made. But it must be ultimate, and must carry with it the condition that foreign muddling ceases once for all in Egypt, the alternative being that Egypt will see to her own affairs, and that those aggrieved may take their remedy. One way or

another the shillyshallying with millions on paper, and reductions of interest in the air; with reorganizations of departments in project, and announcements of loans in the conditional mood, must cease. It can, in fact, only cease in one way—an immediate withdrawal from Egypt, which in a sense may be called a second way, being plainly impossible. If, as is rumoured, the Government has once more made up its mind to vacillate and select the stools between which it is going to sit, all the trouble will begin again. That it should have decided for once not to vacillate, and to concede the International Control, is, even in a Government with Mr. GLADSTONE at its head, scarcely believable. It is less believable than ever after the event of last Saturday. But, if it should be so, there is good cause for hoping that the event of last Saturday will help to screw the courage even of blind devotees of Mr. GLADSTONE to the sticking-place. It is intolerable enough that the past sacrifices of England in Egypt, incurred to a great extent by the actual fault of those who are now seeking to hamper and trammel her work there, should be neglected in the fashion of these French proposals. But when these sacrifices have just been augmented by a fresh expense of English blood, when it has just been shown how serious are the tasks which English occupation in Egypt have brought upon England, when any moment new tidings of English losses may be expected, the surrender which would be implied in a recognition of the right of France or Germany to interfere in matters Egyptian is too flagrant and too preposterous to be admitted by Englishmen for a moment. They do not send their sons and their brothers to find graves in the wilderness in order that M. FERRY's Ministry may have a cheap Egyptian success to gild its costly blunders and disasters in Tonquin or Madagascar, that France may have a kind of minor Civil Service handsomely paid and lightly worked as an endowment for a certain number of enterprising Frenchmen. With regard to Powers other than France, their support of the French proposals has apparently been of a kind that need alarm no English Ministry possessing any courage and any ability, and the public announcement of the only one whose serious support would be seriously troublesome, that it is simply waiting for offers from England, remains uncanceled and valid. A surrender at the present moment must mean one of two things, either that Mr. GLADSTONE has not resolution enough to face France, or that he has not adroitness enough to reconcile Germany. Englishmen must be singular persons if they care to spend their blood for the maintenance of a Minister who has neither the courage nor the skill of his business.

THE POLICY OF BLACK MAIL.

THE proposals of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir CHARLES DILKE are in one sense not open to refutation. Neither Minister relies on any argument except the statement or assumption that the working classes under the Franchise Bill may be as unjust and as despotic as they think fit. It is surprising that the advocates of plunder have not stirred their colleagues to resistance or to protest, and that Whigs who differ in opinion little or not at all from reasonable Conservatives actually attend the meetings in which communism is preached. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is still a member of the Cabinet. Mr. WEST, the junior member for Ipswich, a lawyer of aristocratic connexion and of opinions which had always been supposed to be moderate, is, it now appears, satisfied that the class to which he belongs should only retain its property on condition of paying an arbitrary premium or ransom to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's clients. It would be discourteous to suggest that the approval of a speech which might have suited the Jacobin Club was not founded on sincere conviction. Any occasional moderation which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may affect is practically worthless. If he would content himself with the seizure of twenty or thirty per cent. of the value of land, there is no security against still more extravagant demands on the part of the followers to whose cupidity he appeals. It may nevertheless be worth while to examine some of his more plausible or less cynical projects of spoliation. The so-called restoration of common rights may perhaps have seemed comparatively reasonable to some of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's hearers or readers, who were not prepared to sanction the re-establishment of the imaginary or barbarous condition of society when all things, as well as wastes and roadside patches, were in common.

Both Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir CHARLES DILKE approve of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's proposed legislation against owners of land enclosed from the waste. All titles to such property acquired within fifty years are to be re-opened, and it is uncertain whether adverse claims will be quieted by proof of strictly legal ownership. Lord CAIRNS's Act, which reduces to twelve years the term of limitation affecting land, was thought to be a popular and liberal measure. It is now to be arbitrarily set aside in the case of inclosures which may be denounced by hostile claimants as legally, or perhaps as morally, wrongful. Sir CHARLES DILKE dismissed the objections to a scandalously oppressive proposal with a passing sneer. "Ought not," he said, "the proceeds of robbery to be restored to the rightful owner?" Even if the owners of land formerly in common had any flaw in their titles, the object of Statutes of Limitation is to cure such defects after an appointed time. Mr. COLLINGS's scheme is as arbitrary as the claim of an Irish peasant to the lands which he supposes to have been owned by his family three or four centuries ago. Mr. THOROLD ROGERS has announced his intention of making a political tour, in company with a still more notorious demagogue, for the purpose of enlightening the labourers as to their imaginary claims. The agitators will probably assume, in defiance of probability and of justice, that any labourer whom they may find in a village or a parish is the heir and representative of an unknown predecessor fifty years ago. The COLLINGSes, the DILKES, and the CHAMBERLAINs have not yet explained whether Parliamentary titles under Inclosure Acts are to exempt their holders from confiscation. No legislation is required to oust any wrongdoer who has encroached on a waste within the statutable limit. Even if Parliament should repeal, for a special and arbitrary purpose, not only Lord CAIRNS's Act, but the earlier limitation of twenty years, the whole amount of land which could, on any plausible pretext, be recovered would be utterly insignificant. For at least twelve years unauthorized encroachments on commons have been vigilantly watched, and scarcely any Inclosure Acts have been passed. For the whole of that time successful opposition has been offered not only to the inclosure of commons in the neighbourhood of large towns, but, through a confusion of ideas, to the apportionment among the legitimate owners of large mountain tracts which are comparatively worthless as long as they are not separately enjoyed. Most of the litigation which Mr. COLLINGS proposes to foster will, therefore, relate to titles commencing twelve, or twenty, or fifty years back. The costs will, of course, be extravagant; and they will be paid either by the owners who are to be deprived of their property, or by the ratepayers who may probably be the same persons with other landowners. In almost all such cases the alleged wrong has been inflicted, not on labourers or on bodies of inhabitants, but only on the commoners. The language which has been used by the agitators is suspiciously vague; and perhaps they may meditate the repeal of Inclosure Acts as well as of the general law. No kind of property can be safe if a distinct Parliamentary title is to be disputed on the strength of novel agrarian theories. It is not a little remarkable that the clamour against inclosures proceeds from the same faction which affects a solicitude for the greatest possible production of food. The policy of inclosing commons was for many years encouraged by Parliament with the object of rendering pasture land available for the growth of corn. The substitution of arable land for grass has, in fact, been effected by means of inclosure on an extensive scale; but projectors such as Mr. STUART, member for Hackney, or as Mr. GEORGE POTTER, would expropriate landlords to increase the growth of grain; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS resent the conversion of common land into severalty, though it was the necessary condition of improvement and cultivation.

Although the division of personal property, as of land, among capable citizens is at present kept in the background, it may be admitted, to the credit of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's logic and consistency, that he is prepared in this department also to infringe on the rights of actual owners for the benefit of the numerical majority of voters. Even into the comparatively solvent class which pays duty on income he would introduce more than one element of injustice. Of two of his proposals for the readjustment of the Income-tax, one may be charitably ascribed to invincible ignorance. The delusion that a differential rate ought to be imposed on income derived from property prevailed when the tax was comparatively new more widely

than in the present day; but many of those who have never studied the question probably think that the duration and the origin of incomes ought to be taken into consideration in assessing the impost. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may perhaps in this instance have really persuaded himself that his proposal is equitable. It is probably useless to remind him that the duration of the tax in each particular case exactly coincides with the time for which the income is received. The burden may be permanent on a class; but the individual liability lasts only for a time. An inquiry into the more or less meritorious character of incomes is at the same time impracticable and anomalous. The recipient of a trading or professional income is, before and after the imposition of an Income-tax, equally subject to the incumbrance of being compelled to work for his gains. It is not the business of legislation to make him relatively richer or poorer. It is something to meet with a proposal of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's which, although unsound, may perhaps be explained by a misconception. The same fallacy has been frequently enunciated and as often confuted during the forty years for which the tax has lasted.

It is a small matter for a demagogue who proposes to provide the multitude with allotments of land and with dwelling-houses, wholly or partly at the public expense, to interfere with the principle of equal taxation. His further proposal is more ambitious and incomparably more dangerous. A graduated Income-tax charged at a higher rate on one contributor than on another has in France been rightly regarded as the most deliberate and characteristic application of Socialist doctrine. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says that it has been sanctioned by Prince BISMARCK; but the French Jacobins have always been defeated in their demands for artificial inequality. It is doubtful whether Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is well informed as to the German precedent which he quotes, though a Minister who is even now relieving distress by increasing threefold the tax upon food may be suspected of almost any economic absurdity. It is clear that a graduated tax upon property has only to be levied at higher and higher rates to amount to absolute confiscation. Amongst other results, such a tax would drive capital out of the country, to the destruction of commercial enterprise. Revolutionary agitators seldom regard the indirect operation of measures which they propose in hostility to the richer portion of the community. Merchants and manufacturers might for once be taxed to any extent which would satisfy the envy and the greediness of Democratic Clubs and of their nominees in the Legislature; but the robbery would soon come to an end for want of a subject-matter. Capitalists can be compelled to pay what they have earned, but not to earn a second supply. On the whole, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's theories will be more popular if he confines himself for the present to schemes for the ruin of landowners. Whether tenants, even if they belong to the Farmers' Alliance, will consent to make way for peasant cultivators may perhaps be doubtful. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN assures them that it has been a mistake to produce corn and live stock instead of vegetables and jam and eggs. The farmers have sometimes complained of restrictions in leases; but the most arbitrary landlord never insisted with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that they should abandon modes of cultivation which are in his opinion mistakes.

THE WHITE SPECTRE OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

APPETITE comes with eating to Prince BISMARCK as well as lesser men. Having once begun the publication of State Papers, he has found the practice pleasing, and is apparently adopting it as a habit. As indulged in by him, it has all the advantages, and none of the drawbacks, of diplomatic indiscretion. When one of the two parties is always successful and always able to show plausibly that he was in the right, the publication of despatches becomes a truly delightful exercise. Accordingly Prince BISMARCK's White Books are following one another till Lord GRANVILLE and Lord DERBY must feel somewhat like two citizens of Alhama waiting for the next earthquake. In these days of spiritual manifestations it may even have suggested itself to them that they are haunted. The White Lady of the HOHENZOLLERNS is a well-authenticated ghost, and was seen by a sentry at a recent period. Some said she was a wandering maid of honour; but they had a prosaic mind. To the Psychical Society, at least, it must appear credible that she has taken the form of White Books, and begun to haunt the enemies of Prince BISMARCK, who are all those

persons who will not do as they are told and do it quick enough. It is our misfortune that the worst offenders at present are HER MAJESTY'S Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs and the Colonies. These gentlemen have just had their fourth visitation, and not all the din of the Egyptian question can drown the importunate voice. It has been heard as distinctly as the banshee which was audible through the duet in the *Puritani*, though that piece of music, as everybody knows, is loud enough to drown a park of artillery.

It is open to all to have doubts as to the exact legal value of the "Deutsche Land-Reclamationen auf Fiji." Prince BISMARCK himself does not assert that every German who claims land in those islands is necessarily in the right. All he asks is that their claims should be fairly examined. Ten years ago he was willing to leave the decision to England alone. All he then asked was some proof of an intention on our part to decide with impartiality and in a friendly spirit, and, moreover, to do it quickly. From the White Book it appears that he has been disappointed in all three respects. We have not, he holds, been impartial, we have not been friendly, and we have been scandalously slow. The PRINCE has accordingly been compelled to insist on having a voice himself in the adjudication. His claim was denied when first presented in a friendly way, and then conceded under pressure. It is a musty proverb that one story is good till another is heard, and an Englishman may fairly believe that our Foreign and Colonial Secretaries for the last ten years have not been so uniformly in the wrong as it pleases Prince BISMARCK, who is not bound to argue the case of the other side, to say. But, though they may make a fair defence on minor points, there can be no doubt about the main issues. Our Government has, on the whole, behaved in the matter of German claims in Fiji after the fashion we were accustomed to associate with the Foreign Offices of Spain or Peru. It has procrastinated and shuffled and broken its word. At one time we should have waited to hear what the Colonial and Foreign Offices had to say for themselves before deciding on the truth of the German accusation, but the delay is unnecessary after the experience of recent years. Nothing can do away with the scandalous fact that claims made in 1874 are still unsettled in 1885. The discovery that Lord GRANVILLE after refusing to allow the formation of a mixed Commission so late as the May of last year suddenly accepted it in the following June has been the most commented on of the many facts reported in the White Book, but it is by no means the most disgraceful to this country. It was shameful to yield to threats what had been refused to a friendly request, but it was worse to violate a promise given in the name of the State. That this is what was done seems beyond question. When the Fiji Islands were annexed in 1874 Sir HERCULES ROBINSON fixed the 1st January, 1871, as the date behind which no European claims to own lands would be allowed. This limitation seemed harsh enough to the Germans, and appeals were made against it, which were turned aside by vague declaration of an intention to examine into the question. In 1876, however, after the visit of Sir ARTHUR GORDON, the new Governor, to England, at a time when Germany was being soothed with profuse professions of a friendly character, the date of the limitation was suddenly brought down to October 1874—that is to say, that all claims prior to the English occupation were disallowed at a blow. No sophistry can disguise the fact that this was a violation of the public faith. It may seem strange to those who believe that Prince BISMARCK delights in making mischief to find him keeping his temper quietly for four years after a snub of this kind. There are, of course, people who will find it suspicious that he did not begin to press German claims in Fiji seriously till after 1880, and since diplomacy is diplomacy, and Prince BISMARCK is Prince BISMARCK, it may very well be that he was prepared to tolerate more from a generally friendly Ministry than from a Cabinet which was noisily and ostentatiously hostile to his policy. It requires no great effort of faith to believe so much; but what is to be thought of a body of politicians who, after choosing to cross his path, were blind enough to deliver themselves into his hands? This is precisely what has been done. When Prince BISMARCK began to insist on a definite settlement he was met by evasive excuses. When he pressed still more, Lord GRANVILLE and Lord DERBY began with what it may not be polite, but is assuredly just, to call imbecility to try to defeat him by means of the obvious stratagems of Messrs. SPENLOW and JORKINS. SPENLOW at the Foreign Office could not move

without the approval of JORKINS at the Colonial Office, and of course the junior partner was inexorable. It escaped the observation of my Lords GRANVILLE and DERBY that Prince BISMARCK is not DAVID COPPERFIELD. The time came when he insisted on an answer from the firm under threat of proceedings, and then of course he had his way. It has been very generally observed that this is the history of the *Angra Pequena* business over again; but it is scarcely necessary to seek a name. It is the history of the foreign policy of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers over again—a policy which begins in shuffle and ends in surrender. There are many of the more faithful sort who will see in all this nothing but the malignity of Prince BISMARCK at work to discredit the great and good statesman now at the head of HER MAJESTY'S Government. It is, however, still possible to believe that statesmen in this wicked world have to deal with rivals who will look after their own interests, and to regulate their conduct accordingly. Gentlemen who were capable of recognizing the baseness of a merely human universe would have understood that, when Prince BISMARCK was struck, he would strike back. The White Book in the course of its progress has proved four times over that this worldly wisdom is wanting in the members of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet.

It is pleasant even to a humane mind to learn that disturbance can go on in some quarters of the world without at once showing the neglect of some British interest, or the cowardly incompetence of some English ruler. Looked at from that point of view the present obscure disturbance in the Corea is highly satisfactory. Kings, if not crowns, have gone down, and crowns have been broken. What is it all about, and who it is that has suffered, is not clear. In a general way the world is aware of the Corea as a peninsula in the northern parts of China, very barbarous, very poor, and a continual bone of contention between the Celestial Empire and Japan. Every now and then come vague rumours of disturbance and of the massacre of somebody. In the present case the usual butchery seems to have been done rather in the interests of China than in the interests of Japan. With so many other things to occupy our attention it is hard to feel any interest in the struggle of tough Chinamen with tough Japanese. Still at the back of it all there is the usual threatened European intervention. There are good ports on the coast of Corea, and there is a Russian squadron very badly off for harbours in Kamtchakta. In spite of the friendly assurances of M. DE GIERS, it is not impossible that the two may be put together if an opportunity affords itself, and a Russian squadron with a good winter harbour in the Pacific will be something very different from the same squadron shut up half the year in the Arctic circle. So, after all, it seems that, thanks to those greedy forefathers of ours, not even a Corean can get his throat cut without affecting British interests.

RUFFIANS AND REVOLVERS.

THE catalogue of the week's horrors is an instructive comment on our civilization. The revolver, the wife-kicker, and other grim products of a humanitarian age have been exceptionally busy. The increase in brutal and unprovoked assaults on women and felonious attacks on the police coincides with a suggestive correspondence in the *Times* on the use of the cane in schools. A number of people rush into print to discuss this stale sentimental question, but not a reference is made to acts of unspeakable violence that should make the authorities ready with a remedy. Just now, when the application of the cat, and not the cane, is the crying need, we may be permitted to think the discussion of stick or no stick is a little unprofitable. Last Monday, at Chester, a ruffian, named MORAN, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour for knocking his wife down and taking "running kicks" at her in his iron-tipped clogs. This is an old Lancashire pastime, and not so novel as shooting policemen; yet no more aggravated assault is conceivable. The RECORDER who sentenced MORAN of course commented severely on the case, but there his severity stopped. MORAN was no novice; he had been in the hands of the police fourteen times within three years. It is monstrous that the unhappy woman should be liable at the end of twelve months to future violence from this atrocious brute. If ever there was a case for the cat this was one, and it is difficult to see why the only punishment

feared by ruffians like MORAN should be reserved for cases of robbery with violence.

Even the sober majesties of settled sweet official life must be disturbed by the repeated attacks on the police. On Tuesday a police-inspector was grievously wounded by a man described as a professional burglar, who made his escape with two companions. The depositions of SIMMONS, the inspector, show that he and a companion exhibited the most praiseworthy courage. He had reasonable suspicions of the three men, one of whom is well known and a convicted thief, and it was in the execution of his duty that he was shot by one of the gang. No one need be surprised if, after these unequal conflicts between armed roughs and unarmed police, the latter shirk their work. Nor is it the burglar only who goes armed; the revolver is found in the most unlikely quarters. A youth of eighteen, MONTAGUE CHARLES LEECH, charged with robbing his master, fired two barrels of a revolver at the constable who was searching his box for stolen money. While struggling to snatch the weapon from LEECH's hand the constable narrowly escaped another attack, as LEECH produced a second revolver from his breast pocket, calmly remarking "I've got some more for you yet." In this case nothing but the assistance of the prisoner's master saved the constable. The revolver has suggested to rogues a short way with policemen, and they are well aware how the latter are handicapped. The notion of arming the police met with but scant encouragement last winter from the authorities, and, doubtless, for excellent reasons. If the police are so hampered by official restrictions that they cannot effectively use their truncheons, there is little expectation that they will be permitted discretionary powers if armed with revolvers. At present, the policeman is a fair target for revolver-practice; he must suffer submissively to be kicked out of shape and condition before he may draw his truncheon. Even in extremities he must be careful, and apply his staff tenderly. We shall soon, perhaps, witness some such pleasant reversals of the fitness of things as Mr. GILBERT'S fancy delights in. The protectors of the public will look to the public for protection. So considerate are we towards rogues, so indifferent to the police, that we may yet see persons charged with attempting to rescue the police. Then, we trust, the attention of the Home Secretary will be thoroughly aroused, so that revolvers, if still untaxed, may be more equally distributed.

Seriously, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT might feel a little extra-official interest in the lively events of the week, and might give attention to Mr. MITCHELL HENRY'S letter in yesterday's *Times*. Sir WILLIAM is an authority on matters historical, though his researches of late have produced little but modern illustrations for the benefit of the Parliamentary voter. He may yet remember how THUCYDIDES congratulated the citizens of Athens on abandoning the practice of carrying arms. That, of course, happened many centuries ago, when liberty indeed was and Liberalism was not. Not even a Minister in a Liberal Government will affirm that the Greeks were uncivilized, or that THUCYDIDES was not in a happier position than the present HOME SECRETARY. It is perhaps visionary to anticipate the time when the precedent of the great historian may be safely followed; neither is it possible, of course, to abolish the revolver, though very easy to render it less ubiquitous and dangerous. Though, therefore, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is prevented by the enlightenment of the times from ever hoping to emulate THUCYDIDES, it is in his power to receive the congratulations of the community; or, to speak plainly, he may yet perform a manifest duty—recognize a critical danger and remedy it.

MR. GOSCHEN'S INTENTIONS.

IT is natural that the party which is threatened by Mr. GOSCHEN'S reported profession of independent Liberalism with a very awkward commentary on the honesty and consistency of its own political conduct should resent his audacity and insult his independence. It would be not unnatural, though it certainly would not be very wise, for the opposite party to crow over a valuable recruit, and to be querulous when it becomes evident, as it probably will, that the recruit is not to be recruited. To any one who himself considers politics independently, it will be by far the most satisfactory thing that can happen if Mr. GOSCHEN maintains the attitude ascribed to him by the Scotch Correspondent of the *Times*, and remains a Liberal, though an independent Liberal. He is indeed unfortunately destitute of the force

of character which makes a man's example contagious of itself. There is a certain coldbloodedness, not to say flabbiness, about Mr. GOSCHEN which is not equalled by any prominent politician of the present day except Lord DERBY. The parallel ought of itself to extinguish the resentment of any hasty Conservative who, hearing that Mr. GOSCHEN has ceased to be a party Liberal, grudges his becoming anything but a party Tory. No intelligent partisan, surely, can wish for his own party such an acquisition as the opposite party has made in the sometime Foreign Secretary of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government.

Nevertheless, Mr. GOSCHEN'S ability and his reputation—put at the service of independent Liberalism exactly at the nick of time when not a few Liberals are casting about for a way to become, in some fashion or other, independent of the foreign policy of Lord GRANVILLE and the home economics of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN—may not improbably give his example a power which may compensate for his lack of vigour and political dash. At no former time in English history has the disadvantageous side of party spirit been illustrated by so glaring a light as at the present moment. There have been times when that spirit has been fiercer and more violent in the means it has adopted. But no one, whatever his politics, who calmly surveys the history of the Government and Parliament of 1880, will hesitate to pronounce both almost unmatched as examples of party unscrupulousness. We may go further, and say that no partisan possessed of any intelligence will deny this except with the lips. The spectacle of a Ministry which came into power solely on the cry of non-intervention and abstinence from such adventures as the Afghan and Zulu wars, engaging hilt deep in a greater adventure than either, an adventure only justifiable on exactly the same grounds as both, may or may not have been paralleled. Governments are very like Governments. But the spectacle which has been seen again and again in the Egyptian debates of Liberal member after Liberal member rising, elaborately condemning the action of the Government, elaborately endorsing the particular vote of censure before the House, and then going into the Government lobby, or as a supreme and magnificent effort of conscientiousness abstaining from voting, shows a degradation of Parliament which is literally impossible to parallel. In the very heyday of patronage boroughs, in the pension Parliaments of DANBY, and WALPOLE, and the PELHAMS, such a thing was never seen. The Government had its silent supporters who took their places or their five hundred pound notes and voted straight; it had its hired advocates, who for similar considerations supported it with voice and vote through thick and thin. An eccentric individual here and there might indulge in a sophistical combination of independent speaking and party voting. But for large numbers of perfectly commonplace and nominally respectable members of Parliament who, with no brains to make a concordat between their conscience and their wishes if they desired to make one, yet come to the conclusion that the House is the place for conscience and the lobby for party fidelity, and who go through the shameless tergiversation which has been more than once exposed by careful analysis of the debate and the division list, the political curiosity-hunter will find it useless to go beyond this present Parliament. He may find the exception in the past; he will find the rule only in the present. Of course there are some excuses for these practitioners of a new form of the art to which ARBUTHNOT gave a famous and impolite name. The plurality of party leaders and the possibility of different combinations in the same party which existed up to five-and-twenty years ago have disappeared, and the Liberal who will not rally to Mr. GLADSTONE finds himself a pariah, reviled and insulted by the obedient organs of his own party. If—a large if, of course—there is anything in the merits claimed for the new single-member districts, they may possibly help to alter this state of things and to restore the older one of party sections, not incapable of working together for a common party end, but still capable of independence.

The reappearance of the independent Liberal (and, for the matter of that, of the independent Conservative, though in the nature of things most Conservatives are independent, and, as a matter of history, the party screw has never been so severely put on by them) would also be especially useful in overthrowing the tyranny of the Caucus. This is not a truism; for, as a matter of fact, it is by no means the tyranny of the Caucus which has “squelched” the independent Liberal so much as the faint-heartedness of the independent Liberal which has invigorated the Caucus. In the very few cases in which men have had the courage to

resist the dictation of the local wirepullers the results have been by no means discouraging. Years of caballing and threatening have not shaken Mr. FORSTER'S position at Bradford—Mr. COWEN sitting for Newcastle still says the thing he chooses—and the blow which Mr. MARRIOTT inflicted on the Brighton division of the Caucus vermin yet causes gnashings of teeth in Caucusedom. But the independent Liberal, either from a respectable but mistaken fear of dividing the party, or from a natural but equally mistaken disinclination to encounter the dirty weapons of the cabals opposed to him, or from sheer *fainéantise* and pusillanimity, has too often retired and left the Caucusers to their own devices. The next general election is an opportunity for remedying this mistake which is not likely to recur. The present organization of the Schnadhorstian nuisance is admittedly deranged by the Redistribution Bill, and, with the best efforts of its directors, it can hardly be got in perfect order speedily. A creditable objection to dictation has been shown on both sides (for it need hardly be said that a Conservative Caucus is in our eyes no whit more lovely than a Liberal one), and the new constituencies in particular are very likely to accept the opportunity of connecting themselves with men of repute and ability who will make their names known for something better than for the contribution to Parliament of more Radical *fatras à la douzaine*, of supernumerary ILLINGWORTHS and duplicate COLLINGSSES, of copies of Mr. HOPWOOD and replicas of Mr. FIRTH. The interesting ideas which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has just advanced, and the delightful confession of the member for Ipswich, in answer to “Ruricola,” that to his thinking what is robbery in A. is a very praiseworthy and unpunishable process in B., have caused, and will certainly cause, not a few searchings of heart among Liberals; and it will be odd and unfortunate if these searchings should not make independence especially tempting to them. For many years the cross-bench mind has been out of favour, and perhaps it may be admitted that cross-benchedness has not exactly been justified of all her children. Mr. GOSCHEN'S announced intention, which, let it be repeated, it would be quite wrong to take, for an intention of deserting Liberalism, may not prove the harbinger of better things, but it may. It should, at all events, encourage others to go and do likewise, if only from the admitted uncertainty of the next election. It is the first time that a politician of Cabinet rank, and of ability equal to his rank, has avowed independence. In Mr. GOSCHEN'S case the independence may not come to much; for, as has been said, the *morale* in him is by no means equal to the intellectual, and an independent must be able to endure hard blows as well as to give them. But there is something in making a beginning; and it is possible that in this case a beginning has been made in the endeavour to purge the English Parliament of a leprosy very much fouler to intelligent thought and honest taste than any political heresy or any pecuniary corruption.

AN UNREPORTED MEETING.

THE activity and intelligence of the Press have been so much confined of late to the examination of butlers' pantries and dining-room chimney-pieces in the houses of literary men, that an important meeting has escaped notice. The late gathering of the unemployed in the waste lands between Whitefriars and the river was truly remarkable. An old cart furnished a platform, and Mr. JUGGINS, described as “a Merchant in the City,” was called to fill the chair (a wheelbarrow). Mr. JUGGINS is one of those enterprising capitalists who offer small but ingenious articles—tin perambulators, wire puzzles, dolls, and the like—to an unappreciative public at the nominal charge of a penny apiece. Mr. JUGGINS was supported by Professor McFAD, M.P., about whose special branch of knowledge we are only certain that it has nothing to do with the classical languages or literature. The Rev. Mr. LARKIN BALLIGAL likewise took a prominent part, and Mr. EVANS, an eminent Welsher, also addressed the meeting.

In opening the discussion Mr. JUGGINS said as how these was hard times. The purse-proud middle classes seemed in a conspiracy to crush honest labour. Not even by faking tin perambulators, wire puzzles, penny fans, jumping frogs, and so forth, ready-made out of another cove's swag, could the speaker any longer make an honest livelihood. He attributed this condition of affairs partly to over-production, stimulated by avaricious capitalists, partly to Foreign Cheap Labour, but especially to the

Law of Primogeniture. He (Mr. JUGGINS) was a Heton man himself, and the younger son of a squire. (Cries of "A bas l'aristocrat!") What for should his brother have all the lands, and him nothing? He would now send round the hat, and he hoped his kyind friends—at this stage in the address Mr. JUGGINS was bonneted by the Rev. Mr. LARKIN BALLIGAL, who averred that it was high time for him to speak a word in season.

Mr. BALLIGAL, who was received with cheers, said that he himself was unemployed. No one would employ him! He was boycotted by his bishop! The reason was that he had given an Easter entertainment in his church to a company of beautiful and ladylike choristers. After partaking of a substantial tea, these most interesting sisters of ours, my brethren (cries of "Stow that 'ere pulpit 'stuff"—these ladies, then, had "made hay" in the pews. (Cheers.) Now what he (Mr. BALLIGAL) said was that this conduct proved the aptitude of these beautiful beings (cheers) for agricultural pursuits. This haymaking, so obnoxious to his churchwardens, had been the expression of an inherited instinct for rural labour. Well, not one of those dazzling beguilers (cheers) had an acre of land of her own (cries of "Shame!"). Did not the Land-laws need reform? Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (frantic and protracted cheering) had promised that every chorister should have her own allotment of ten acres, with several swains (cheers) to help her "in improving Nature's prospects." The rev. gentleman then executed a *pas seul*, which was full of promise and excellent intentions, though a little deficient in artistic finish.

Professor McFAD (who had exhibited unmistakable signs of impatience during the previous address) now asked the attention of the meeting. He could not say he was unemployed. A Professor was not an idle man. He had to spend his endowments, to circulate the medium which accrued to him from a grateful University. He had also to busy himself in agitating for the abolition of all Chairs but his own (which was the Chair of Mechanical and Chemical Self-adjusting River Pollution) and a few other equally liberal and ennobling studies. He had also to fight the battle of Free-trade in every form of Disease, and he had to see that, if possible, no other battles were fought. War was a form of chloralization. If there were no soldiers, the attack on the property and lives of the Conservative class would be ever so much easier and safer. He complained that our soldiers and sailors were *not* unemployed, nor our lecturers on Greek, Latin, and similar stuff and rubbish, about which he (Professor McFAD) knew nothing. He gloried in false quantities; where was the boasted liberty of an Englishman if he might not spell, pronounce, and take small-pox as he pleased! Here the learned speaker was kicked off the platform by an indignant ex-usher, Mr. POINTER. This gentleman said that he, too, was unemployed. He had tried to teach the boys that their fathers were liars and thieves. His tyrannical head-master had therefore dismissed him, but, if not quite a gentleman, he was at least a scholar, and he could not listen to the profane and shocking remarks of Professor McFAD any longer.

At this stage the proceedings resolved themselves into a free fight, and the police were reluctantly compelled to adjourn the discussion. The assembly broke up, with cheers for Mr. HENRY GEORGE, Mr. CLAUDE DUVAL, Mr. JOHN SHEPPARD, and other contemporary and historical philanthropists.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE DYNAMITARDS.

EVEN the tardiest recognition of inconvenient political facts ought in these days to receive welcome rather than criticism; but it would certainly require a superhuman amount of forbearance to refrain altogether from animadversion on the latest discovery of the American press. It is just a little too much to be told by one New York newspaper after another that the affray between SHORT and PHELAN "appears to disclose that the ROSSA party are an 'organization of skulking assassins.' Truly it does 'appear' to indicate that interesting fact; but whether to 'disclose' it in the sense of revealing what had been previously hidden, we must leave it to the historic conscience of these patient seekers after truth to determine. Here in England, where the phenomena now engaging attention in the United States have been studied in a more unscientific manner, we have long since reached the conclusion to which the American press is still cautiously feeling its way. We have for some time thought ourselves possessed of various good reasons for

setting down the ROSSA party as an organization of assassins; and that they are skulking assassins was unfortunately but too evident in the mere fact that the party in question, and especially its distinguished chief, appear much too solicitous for their own skins to adventure themselves on this side of the Atlantic. As to their connexion with the outrages committed from time to time in this country, this, to our crude views of the nature of causation and the law of probabilities, has always appeared sufficiently certain. On one hand we find an Irish-American ruffian publicly and repeatedly boasting—whether truly or falsely matters not—that he has had a hand in the outrages in question, and openly appealing to his fellow-countrymen for funds wherewith to prepare for the perpetration of others. We find these appeals succeeding in their object, money flowing copiously into the scoundrel's coffers, triumphant acknowledgment of these abundant contributions in the scoundrel's newspaper. On the other hand, we find explosions occurring in London and other large centres of population; cargoes of explosives are intercepted at our ports in vessels arriving from America; manufacturers of explosives who have recently come from America are detected and apprehended by our police. And, in our precipitate way, we have jumped to the conclusion that the former set of phenomena stand towards the latter in the relation of cause to effect. It would seem, however, that down to the moment when Mr. SHORT, *alias* BARKER, administered eleven knife-stabs to Captain PHELAN in O'DONOVAN ROSSA's newspaper-office the whole American press found it impossible to discern any causal connexion between one order of facts and the other. They concurred by a sort of "pre-established harmony," and that was all. On one side of the Atlantic, so many incitements to outrage, and subscriptions to commit it; on the other side, so many committed outrages, or attempts at their commission. Further than such mere recognition of a coincidence the spirit of philosophic caution declined to lead our Transatlantic cousins; and, but for Mr. SHORT's little indiscretion, it might have been indefinitely long before they advanced a step further.

Now, however, that they have taken it we may hope that they will go yet further. Having once reached the conclusion that the ROSSA party are an organization of skulking assassins, they may be invited to consider whether organizations of skulking assassins whose habitat and proceedings, in spite of their skulking, are perfectly well known, should be permitted to carry on their business unmolested. Hitherto the Americans have had an alternative of replies to our remonstrances. Sometimes they have insisted on representing ROSSA as a crazy blusterer, without any real power of planning the crimes which he boasts of as his; at other times, the answer to us has been that, even supposing for the sake of argument that the crimes had been due to ROSSA's published incitements to their commission, it would be as difficult to make him criminally responsible for it under the law of the United States as under that of England. Neither of these two answers is any longer available. The American press have virtually admitted both ROSSA's capacity for mischief and, at any rate by implication of language, the duty and the possibility of putting a stop to his proceedings. That they are thinking of doing this for their own sake rather than ours is not material; it is through their designs against England that this gang of rascals will bring themselves, if ever they do so, within the grasp of American law; and we cannot but believe that on any reasonable interpretation of that law they must have done so already. In many of the comments made on the situation from the other side of the Atlantic there is too much disposition to ignore the really cardinal facts of the case. An attempt is made to confine attention to what O'DONOVAN ROSSA says, to the exclusion of the much more important consideration of what he does. We are continually told that the law of the Union allows its citizens almost unlimited license of speaking and writing against foreign Governments, and will only interfere when an attempt is made to translate speech into action—a distinction which neglects the fact that certain kinds of speech, or rather the printing and publication of certain forms of words, may in itself constitute action of a most significant kind. The editor of a newspaper informs all its readers that he wishes to receive subscriptions for carrying on dynamitic warfare against the Government of another country; money is thereupon sent him; he acknowledges the receipt in his newspaper, and the remittances so sent are duly handed, as even Americans no longer doubt, to the dynamitards by whom the said warfare is being actually carried on. Surely the solici-

tation, acceptance, and acknowledgment of money contributions for the purpose amount to something more than verbal encouragement to commit the offences in contemplation? Surely they may be held, taken together, to constitute an overt act of warfare against the Government aimed at! It appears to us to be little less pedantic to contend that they do not as it would be to maintain that the presentation of a revolver by one man at another is not an overt act, and that no such act is committed until the trigger is actually pulled.

Moreover, we are by no means bound in this particular instance to restrict ourselves to a consideration of the bare legal merits of the case; nor, indeed, is it open to Americans to contend for any such restriction. All that we need to show—all, at least, that we ought to be called upon to show—is that an international grievance exists, that America is being made use of as a basis for hostile operations against the Government of this country. That fact once admitted, it is not open to the Americans to plead that the state of their law precludes them from supplying a municipal remedy for this international wrong. Such a plea would simply reduce to a nullity the whole proceedings in connexion with the Treaty of Washington, and—except for the purpose of mulcting the English Treasury of four millions sterling—that instrument itself; it would repeal the famous Three Rules, and remit the two countries to that state of international relations which we paid so dearly to modify to our own future advantage. Our solitary gain from the famous series of transactions which came to a close before the Geneva Tribunal was the right of applying to a case like the present the principle that a neutral State is bound to raise its municipal law to the standard of its international obligations, and that it fails of due diligence in the discharge of these obligations if it neglects or refuses to do so. We expressly forewent in 1872 the right of contending that we had done our utmost in the then state of English municipal law to prevent the Confederate cruisers from using our docks and ports for the purpose of preparing themselves for hostile operations on the Federals; it is not now open to the Americans to contend that, though their shores are being made use of for like enterprises against ourselves, they can, in the existing state of their own municipal law, do no more than the nothing which they are doing to prevent it. If American jurisprudence is really so defective as to allow ROSSA and gang to plot the destruction of English life and property, in open daylight in America—a defect, however, which we hesitate to attribute to it—it is high time that its provisions should be reinforced.

SATAN'S TOO VISIBLE WORLD.

AN "Old Puritan," very old and curious, has been writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette* about the naughtiness of the stage. He calls Mr. BURNAND's recent article, "Behind the Scenes," by what he considers the more appropriate title of "Satan's Invisible World Displayed." Why invisible? The common complaint is that the world in question is only too visible. However, the "Old Puritan" has so moved the moralists of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that they have sent JACK FINUCANE, or some other representative, to see Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD, and ask his opinion on dramatic morality. In one of M. ZOLA's most popular (that is, most unspeakable) novels, there is a manager who objects to hearing his show called a "theatre." He prefers another word, which was also rather dear to Maitre FRANÇOIS VILLON, a poet who not only called a spade a spade, but went out of his way to introduce spades in unexpected places. Perhaps there is a certain community of frankness between Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD and the manager in M. ZOLA's novel. At all events, Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD's views of burlesque are very different from those of Mr. GILBERT. Mr. GILBERT has been proclaiming his aversion to "half-naked women," who are not fit to be trusted with words worth writing. Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD, on the other hand, proclaims (in small capitals) that "Physical Beauty is a *Sine Quâ Non*," and expressed no Puritanic objections to "very short dresses and silk tights." Perhaps "very short dresses and silk tights" in the lips of one authority mean much the same as "half-naked women" in the lips of another authority. Certainly neither physical beauty nor silk tights (even if "passed" by a lenient Lord Chamberlain) have anything to do with the dramatic or any other art. The young *crétins* who go seventy times in succession to the same exhibition of physical beauty in silk tights care about as much for dramatic art as they do for the

differential calculus. No doubt it pays to exhibit physical beauty in very short dresses, and that is pretty nearly the sum of what Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD's remarks come to. Order is maintained in the theatre; the young and old *habitués* are not admitted behind the scenes; and, if the girls who exhibit themselves choose "to wink at the stalls," well, who can help it? All these facts seem so manifest, even *à priori*, that perhaps there is no need to go interviewing Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD and asking his opinion. Any one can see that, given human nature in a big town, there will be plenty of men who will pay money to see pretty women unashamed, well drilled, and scantily clad. Any one can see that, given the demand, it will be supplied by one capitalist or another. Nor does it require much penetration to infer that the lives of the well-drilled and scantily-arrayed squadrons off the stage will be like the lives of other women more remarkable for good looks than for birth, education, taste, or principles. PELAGIA would prove quite as attractive in London as in ancient Alexandria; but the environment does not quite harmonize with PELAGIA's most remarkable performance. The climate, Christianity, the Northern prudishness, the remnants of Puritanism are all against PELAGIA, pure and simple. But the nearer approach can be made to her charms and accomplishments without attracting unfavourable notice from the Lord Chamberlain, why so much the better for the owner of the accomplishments and her employers. As Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD remarked, in a brief historical retrospect, the Corinthian, Macaroni, Buck, Dandy, and Masher "all come to much the same in the end." Naturally and necessarily they do. Only names are altered; only silk tights are added to the Alexandrian ideal. "You certainly cannot expect to find blushing innocence behind the scenes of a burlesque theatre." Of course you cannot, any more than you can expect to find art in the performances, or Attic salt in the libretto of an average burlesque. You find smartness in the words, skittishness in the "interpretation," and that, with the spectacle of silk tights, is all that the peculiar public seems to demand. It is probably a limited, but then it is an assiduous and devoted, public. Literature it has none, of art it knows nothing; but its younger members, if brainless, are not without heart and pluck, as some of them probably showed on the 17th of this month. The world Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD displays is perfectly visible, always has been visible (except for the few years of the Commonwealth), always will be visible, and is a fact so notorious, natural, and simple, that comment thereon is, if not a luxury, at all events hardly a necessary.

THE TENURE OF BUILDING LAND.

IN consequence of a motion for papers in the House of Commons, Lord GRANVILLE instructed the Secretaries of Embassy and Legation in all parts of the Continent to furnish reports on the tenure of dwelling-houses in the countries in which they respectively resided. The answers to his Circular contain much information on the subject, conveyed in terms which are not always easy to understand. The censorship on style which Lord PALMERSTON exercised during his long reign at the Foreign Office has apparently been relaxed by his successors. It is perhaps a proof of habitual devotion to their duties that some rising diplomats appear, though they may be familiarly conversant with foreign tongues, almost to have forgotten their own. The returns were probably demanded for the purpose of showing that the unlimited freedom of contract which exists in England was unknown in almost all foreign countries. As a general rule, it may be assumed that customs which prevail only by voluntary arrangement are convenient to those whom they concern; but there may be exceptional cases in which one of two parties to a contract has, through special circumstances, been able to dictate to the other the conditions of agreement. In practice it is found that the great London proprietors are the best landlords; but exception to the rule might cause public inconvenience. London building leases have the disadvantage of diminishing annually in the value to the tenant; and they have, according to common belief, a tendency to encourage flimsy and perishable construction. In some instances the alienation of property for the long term of ninety-nine years may be injurious to third parties. A neighbouring occupier, after enjoying a right of way or some other valuable claim of servitude for seventy or eighty years, is liable to find that he has acquired no right against the reversioner, who may

consequently destroy his property as soon as he resumes possession. It by no means follows that any tenure resulting from contract ought to be prohibited by law; but as long as existing rights are preserved, the tenure of houses, especially in towns, may be a proper subject of legislation. Mr. BROADHURST'S Bill for giving fixity of tenure to holders of short leases was worthy of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN or Mr. GEORGE.

It appears that in many parts of Europe, including Germany and Austria, plots of building-land, and, indeed, of any other kind of land, are almost universally acquired in fee-simple; and in some States, as in most of the Swiss Cantons, the reservation of rent is either unknown or prohibited by law. There is nevertheless power to make a formal agreement as to the subsequent use of the land, which may be enforced by an action for damages. The tenure, which is known as *emphyteusis* corresponds with the Scotch system of feuing, which is in that country almost universally applied to building land. A feu is granted by the superior in perpetuity, subject to a feu-duty or rent-charge, and to conditions devised for the purpose of preventing injury to the residue of the estate. Thus the purchaser covenants that he will build in accordance with the feuing plan which has been laid down for the whole property, that he will not practise a noxious trade, or perhaps that he will not turn his dwelling into a publichouse or a shop. The vendor has no right of re-entry, except in the case of defined breaches of covenant; and when the whole of his land is feued, he has no further interest in the property, except as it is the security of his feu duty. A similar tenure exists in some parts of England under another name. The *feuar* is to all intents a freeholder, except that he is liable to an annual payment. When in other countries the reservation of a ground-rent is forbidden by law, the restriction may probably be attributed to a prejudice against supposed relics of the feudal system. It is possible that some Scotchmen may dislike the title of superior which still attaches to the grantor of a feu; but, as a general rule, the tenure is popular, and its incidents are universally familiar.

Agrarian innovators and projectors will learn with surprise that the tenure of land is in many respects more exempt from restraint in France than in any other Continental State. It is true that both real and personal property must be divided among the children in fixed proportions; but, as Sir JOHN WALSHAM, Secretary of Embassy at Paris, correctly states, the universal tenure of land in fee simple renders the power of owners to dispose of their property as seems best to them perfectly free and absolute. There are in France twenty-eight millions of holdings divided among five millions of owners, "and each of these twenty-eight millions of holdings can be sold or let at the good pleasure of the proprietor." "Considerable latitude is allowed to vendors and lessors as regards the conditions they may desire to attach to sales or leases." "A lease is a simple contract between two parties into which any conditions may be introduced," subject to general restrictions. The limitations of the right are that the conditions of a lease must not conflict with police, municipal, or State regulations, or infringe the rights or privileges of neighbours. There seems to be no Agricultural Holdings Act in France; and still less can a tenant who has agreed to rent land for a certain term out his lessor by claiming fixity of tenure. It is well known that a large part of the French soil is rented by the cultivators from the owners; and there is no exception to the general rule in the case of urban building land. Property may be sold, and often is sold, for the purpose of enabling the purchasers to build houses; and any lawful conditions, as for the reservation of a rent, or for the protection of the vendor and his other lessees, may be introduced into the deed of sale. The vendor is in such cases entitled in perpetuity to the benefit of the covenants in the deed, and not only the vendor, but, as in the case of a Scotch feu, the neighbouring purchasers of other parts of the property, are entitled to legal protection against a breach of the contract by which they may be injuriously affected.

"Instead of being sold in building lots, land is sometimes let for a term of years upon condition that houses are built upon it, that an annual or other periodical rent is paid by the lessee, and at the end of the term the houses shall become the property of the landlord." It appears, therefore, that building leases of the form which is familiar to all inhabitants of London are allowed by French law and custom. It seems that in practice the character of the building lease is regulated by a calculation of the time

required for the purchaser or lessee to recoup himself for his outlay with a reasonable profit. In other words, both parties are absolutely free to consult their own interests and conscience. The customary term of London building leases was probably in the first instance determined by a similar calculation. It is to be regretted that it is for the most part inconveniently long; but legislative interference would only be justified if it was proved that serious evils arise from the present system. It must not be forgotten that the temptation to build cheaply and slightly is smallest when the term of the building lease is longest. Even in Germany the vendor of building land may stipulate that the purchaser shall employ the ground in a particular manner. "Thus a purchaser who had in the registered conveyance covenanted to use a house as a dwelling-home only would not be at liberty to use it as a shop or a store against the rights of the vendor or his legal representative." On the other hand, it must be admitted that in Prussia and in other parts of Germany such contracts are unusual; but it is even more important to know the state of the law than to be informed of the practice. If vendors and purchasers are allowed to make contracts at their pleasure, it must be inferred that they have consulted their own interest in declining to make use of the privilege. The wider freedom which characterizes English institutions leads to different results in consequence of social and economic causes. No experiment is needed to prove that most of the changes which have been proposed would produce more inconvenience than they would remove. Mr. BROADHURST'S nostrum for converting leasehold property into freehold at the end of twenty years would put an end to leases for that or for a longer time. The only precedent for such a measure to be found in the Foreign Office returns is a Greek law by which a leaseholder may purchase the freehold "on paying the landlord the capitalized rent, interest being calculated at 6 per cent." In the primeval communities which are proposed as models by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and other modern reformers, there can scarcely have been building leases, even when civilization had attained to the stage of building. The published returns on Continental dwellings are so far behind the age that they testify to the existence of private property in all parts of Europe. The same results would have been attained if the inquiry had extended to the rest of the civilized world.

CHINESE COURAGE.

"WHAT in the name of all that is idiotic does Mr. CAINE mean?" is the question asked in most appropriate language by "Half Pay" in a letter to the *Times*; and on the supposition that Mr. CAINE was talking to men of sense, it is very hard indeed to make out what he meant. This Civil Lord of the Admiralty presided last Saturday at the usual concert for the people given in Exeter Hall by the National Temperance League. The place and the occasion effectually dispose of the possibility that men of sense were being addressed. Mr. CAINE spoke to his audience, and through them to an influential body of electors. Of course he indulged them in the kind of eloquence they expected. He sang the praises of the half-and-half asceticism dear to his fad-mongering friends, and pointed his moral by tales about the service which he helps to govern. He spoke of those times recorded and believed in by the intelligent foreigner, when English soldiers and sailors were not expected to fight without lashings of rum, when tubs of grog were arranged between the guns of the *Victory*, and General PICTON'S division went into action with bottles of gin in their pockets. We have reformed these things indifferently, Mr. CAINE is glad to be able to say. Now when we fight our Peninsular Wars and battles of Trafalgar we do it on tea. "The most brilliant infantry charge of modern times—Tel-el-Kebir—was carried through on cold tea, and not upon the spirit ration." The cup which cheers but does not inebriate was carried round, we suppose, while our heroes were executing their terrific rush on the enemy who kindly made it so easy for them to win, just as the grog was served out in the middle of the battle of Salamanca. The moral of this comparison was ably drawn by Mr. CAINE. We drank grog, and we fought the Nile and Waterloo. We drink tea, and we fight the like of Alexandria and Tel-el-Kebir.

Now it is very natural to find "Half Pay" asking what in the name of all that is idiotic this means, and also putting the awkward question whether the Dutch courage

which produced Balaclava was not, after all, worthy of comparison with the Chinese courage (we thank him for teaching us that word) which shone at Tel-el-Kebir. But we think we can tell him what it means. Its hidden meaning is briefly this—that Mr. CAINE was addressing the National Temperance League, and, like a prudent man, gave them the loose assertions and convenient suppressions they love almost as well as tea. Of course the Civil Lord knows very well what a harmless thing half a gill of rum is in two gills of water. He also knows that the present arduous Soudan campaign is not being carried on in strict reliance on tea and muddy water. On the contrary, there are bottles of brandy and port-wine in every one of those eight hundred boats, nicely packed and doubtless intended for use. General Lord WOLSELEY may go down to posterity as the ever-victorious chief who taught the British army to drink tea, and introduced other novelties, but it will still have to be recorded of him that he thought alcohol good for something. On consideration, too, we do not think we overrate Mr. CAINE's understanding in supposing him capable of seeing the difference between Waterloo and Tel-el-Kebir. Even he would hardly feel elated if asked to believe that the introduction of cold tea was to mark the beginning of an epoch full of Tel-el-Kebirs. Chinese courage, or no courage of any kind, would be good enough for that. As a matter of fact, however, it is as the traditional breaking of a butterfly on a wheel to judge speeches delivered to the National Temperance League, in Exeter Hall, by any standard which includes sense and logic. The members of this body have taken up about a sixth of the practice of the begging friar, and all his fanaticism. They speak, and look to be spoken to, accordingly. Nobody wishes to refuse them credit for the good they really have done. They have helped the naturally sober members of the working classes or the services to keep sober. Now and then they encourage a drunken fellow, who has learned the folly of being a drunkard, to reform. Only those people of curiously constituted minds who can persuade themselves that an oath without a sanction, or the honour of belonging to a Society, will do more for a man than his sense of decency and regard for his interests, will believe that Temperance Leagues have ever saved a genuine sot from himself. Still, it is something to have been of use to men who deserve a good deal more help than the drunkard. The worst of it is that the Temperance League are so like the Templar, whom they would probably not select as a model, for he did take his glass, though in moderation. BRIAN DE BOIS GUILBERT was, as we know, in the habit of drawing freely on the stock of merit he had laid up by the slaughter of three hundred Saracens. The Temperance League draw on their reserve of virtue in a less carnal way, this being an age of police and the patent drop; but they do contrive to indemnify themselves for their very moderate exercise of self-control none the less. They have discovered the secret of getting exhilarated with frothy talk, and they habitually indulge in that form of intoxication to excess. Last Saturday the appropriate material had to be supplied by Mr. CAINE, and he not unnaturally fell back on his recent official experiences. In the case of some Ministries a question as to what took the Civil Lord of the Admiralty into that galley of fad-mongers might be asked. It will scarcely be put about any member of the present one. A body of gentlemen who have produced one sympathizer with the anti-vaccinationists, and various aiders and abettors of the Society for the spread of contagious diseases, may consistently produce a teetotal orator. All that remains to make the thing complete is to bring out the terrible example.

SMOKE ABATEMENT.

THE recent Report of the Council of the National Smoke Abatement Institution affords much ground for satisfaction and of encouragement for the future. Some good work has clearly been done in the short period during which the smoke abatement movement has been in operation, and fair hopes may be entertained that it will advance with increasing vigour and success in the immediate future. In London, where in all but the districts of the far East the smoke of manufacturing establishments is already under legal control, the main problem to be dealt with is the smoke of the kitchen-ranges and domestic fireplaces. In these it is reported that the increased use of gas and coke as fuel is a noticeable feature. There is further to be observed a marked change in the character of the new open

grates which are coming into use and are fitted for all classes of houses. The grand point of improvement is the increase of grates with fire-brick sides and backs, and their substitution for the old iron grates. Greater heating efficiency is thus secured, with a smaller consumption of coal, and a largely diminished amount of unconsumed smoke. The accuracy of these results has been ascertained by the practical experiments made under scientific superintendence at the Smoke Abatement Exhibition at South Kensington in 1881, and again at the Health Exhibition in 1884. In the first series of tests the grates under examination showed an average smoke density of 3 (according to the comparative scale adopted), while the tests made last year at the Health Exhibition showed an average density, on the same scale, of only 1.75, being a great reduction in the density of the smoke emitted. The improvement to be derived from the gradual adoption of the newer and better forms of grates will be progressive, and much may be done by individual owners and occupiers of house property who will give their attention to the matter. It may further be mentioned that nearly all old iron grates may be easily and cheaply converted into fire-brick grates by lining them at the back and sides with fire-brick, leaving the bars open at the bottom; an alteration which may be effected without trouble or annoyance, and at the expense of a very few shillings. In kitcheners the improvement is still more marked. With them the average of smoke density in the trials at the Smoke Abatement Exhibition of 1881 was 4.18, according to the standard scale; while at the Health Exhibition in 1884 it was reduced to 2.4. Commercial enterprise has kept pace with the requirements of the case, both as to open grates and kitcheners. Both can now be obtained from various makers, with all the latest improvements, and of sizes, patterns, and prices suitable to the means and wishes of all classes.

In London and in the provinces the Gas Companies have greatly increased and facilitated the use of gas as fuel, by making arrangements for the hiring of stoves both for cooking and heating purposes. In London alone, and in the instance of the Gas Light and Coke Company, there has been an increase of the use of such appliances during the past year to the extent of 48.4 per cent., or nearly one-half more.

In bakers' ovens very decided improvements have been effected. At the late Health Exhibition five distinct systems of heating them were shown, and proved by an extended course of actual working to be practically suited to the requirements of the trade. Large quantities of bread are now baked in various districts without the production of any smoke, and various collateral advantages have been found to accompany the change. In such trades also as those of confectioners, glass-stainers, tile and porcelain burners, japanners, engineers, &c., other advantages than the prevention of smoke are reported as having been found to accrue from the use of ordinary gas, instead of coal, as fuel for furnace and engine purposes. Various heads in the Report deal with the improved manufacture of coke by the Gas Companies, so as to render it a better fuel than it has hitherto been, as well as with the history of the testing experiments already mentioned, and other matters of interest in connexion with the subject of smoke prevention.

A very important portion of the Report is devoted to the mention of the correspondence which the Council of the Smoke Abatement Institution have had during the year with foreign Governments, through the Foreign Office, and with the Colonies. Most interesting communications have been received from the United States and from Germany.

It is to be regretted that the Smoke Prevention Acts have not been uniformly administered. Unequal penalties have been imposed, and sometimes attention has not been duly paid to the provisions of the Acts—in some instances smaller penalties having been imposed than the *minimum* provided for by them. In Manchester and Salford a Sanitary Association has vigilantly watched all cases of emission of smoke, with the result that the local authorities are said to fail to administer the existing laws adequately, and the same is remarked of Sheffield and Liverpool. But in these places, as well as in others which are named, there has been increased attention to the matter of smoke prevention, and the results of another year of vigilance will no doubt be more satisfactory.

Finally, it is pointed out that in London an extension is urgently demanded of the area now within the provisions of the existing Acts for the prevention of smoke, and it must be confidently expected that time will be found for legislation

dealing with a question of such vital importance to the health and general well-being of the metropolis. It is also urged that the appointment of a Royal Commission would be most desirable, to collect and diffuse information in the most authoritative way, and to ascertain the best remedies to meet the evil which has to be contended against.

THE NEWSPAPER LIBEL ACT.

THE case of the QUEEN v. YATES, whose later developments have nothing whatever to do with the conduct of the defendant or the justice of his sentence, may perhaps show with how little wisdom some Acts of Parliament are drawn. It certainly has not resulted, as many people appear to suppose, in a practical absurdity. On the contrary, an opposite decision, even if it had been required by technical considerations, would have been utterly opposed to public policy. The Newspaper Libel Act, 1881, provided that no criminal prosecution shall be commenced without the fiat of the Director of Public Prosecutions, an officer whose functions were, by an Act of last Session, transferred to the Solicitor to the Treasury. The Queen's Bench Division directed that a criminal information should issue against Mr. YATES. Mr. YATES only pleaded the absence of the fiat as a bar to his conviction, and that plea being disallowed, he was necessarily convicted without any trial upon the evidence, and sentenced to four months' imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant. The question for the Court of Appeal was whether the Queen's Bench Division ought to have upheld the objection. The MASTER of the ROLLS and two Lords Justices decided unanimously that the judgment of the Court below was right, and dismissed the appeal. This seems to be thought ridiculous, and the popular idea cannot be better expressed than in the words of Mr. YATES himself. "Your Lordships," he said, "have so clearly and concisely proved to me that in 'legal language, if not in lay language, an enactment that 'no criminal prosecution shall be commenced' without a 'certain preliminary means that any prosecution may be commenced without it, that I shall not attempt to pursue the matter further.'" Now, we quite admit that the technical grounds for the decision are *inter apices juris*. But every practical argument is in favour of the judgment, and not against it. The Act in question gives a very real and great protection to newspapers. That protection is of several kinds. The only form of it with which we need deal here is the restriction which the statute places upon indiscriminate prosecutions of the proprietors of journals on frivolous charges of libel. Before the Act came into operation, any one who thought himself aggrieved by anything which appeared in a newspaper could go before a magistrate and proceed against the printer, publisher, or proprietor, for libel. He had only to satisfy the Bench that the matter was libellous in itself, and that it applied to him, in order that committal for trial should follow as a thing of course. The magistrate had no jurisdiction to inquire into the truth of the libel, or whether its publication was in the interest of the community. This plea, allowed for the first time by Lord CAMPBELL's Act, could only be raised and argued before a judge and jury. To remove this abuse, the Legislature gave magistrates power to hear evidence of justification—that is, to inquire whether the libel was true—and enacted that the fiat of the Director of Public Prosecutions must be previously obtained. With the former provision we are not immediately concerned. If Mr. YATES had been prosecuted in the ordinary way, through a police-court, the fiat would undoubtedly have been necessary. But he was not prosecuted in this way. Lord LONSDALE chose to apply for a criminal information, and the Queen's Bench Division thought fit to grant it. The meaning of this is that three Judges, after receiving from Lord LONSDALE an affidavit denying on oath the truth of the charge, and after full argument as well for Mr. YATES as against him, permitted the case to go forward. What greater safeguard could there be against idle and unfounded accusations? What could be more ludicrous than that the Director of Public Prosecutions should determine whether the Judges of the Queen's Bench had exercised a sound discretion?

The legal reasons for affirming the judgment of the majority in the Queen's Bench Division may be very briefly stated. When an Act of Parliament uses technical terms, they must be understood in their technical sense. Technically, the words "criminal prosecution" do not include a

criminal information. No doubt in the common parlance, even—if the MASTER of the ROLLS will pardon us for saying so—the common parlance of lawyers, they do. Nine lawyers out of ten would have said in private conversation at a dinner-table that Mr. YATES had been prosecuted for a libel, whereas he had strictly been proceeded against on a criminal information. But the canon of construction to which we have referred is well known, and cannot, at this time of day, be departed from. And while the canon should be observed in every case, it should most especially be followed where to desert it would produce consequences repugnant to common sense. We have spoken of the indecency of allowing the Director of Public Prosecutions to overrule the Queen's Bench Division, as he could if his fiat were necessary in criminal informations, for the prosecution, so far as there is any, does not "commence" with the application for leave to bring it, but with the subsequent filing of the information. Take again the still more glaring instance of an information filed *ex officio* by the Attorney-General. There, according to Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL's construction of the Act, which was adopted by two Judges in the Queen's Bench Division, the Attorney-General could be overruled by the Director of Public Prosecutions, who is his own subordinate. Could anything be more preposterous? Mr. RUSSELL himself shrank from this consequence. But it is involved in his reasoning. The MASTER of the ROLLS further thought that the objection, even if good, did not go to the jurisdiction, but was only matter of procedure, and was therefore taken too late. We do not say that the case was free from difficulty. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, who passed sentence on Mr. YATES, was one of the minority which thought the fiat necessary. Probably Parliament did not contemplate the subject of criminal informations at all.

SCIENCE OR PUFFERY?

IT will be no addition to the small stock of general knowledge to say that a lively discussion on the subject of vivisection has been going on for some time. The fact is sufficiently patent, and has been so for weeks. The *Times* has had its daily bundle of letters, and they have been copiously commented on. Nothing could be more unprofitable than any further criticism of the matter of the dispute. Indeed, it has been conducted after a fashion calculated to warn off anybody who retains some respect for good reasoning or good manners. From the first it has bristled with sentiment and acrid personalities, sneers and innuendoes. At the very end Mr. FREEMAN has given us all a warning of what happens even to scholars and men of parts when they allow their prepossessions to get the better of their respect for knowledge. When a writer of his standing can forget his vehemently asserted love of clear language so far as to talk of vivisection undertaken to relieve a particular sufferer and vivisection undertaken to find the means of relieving future sufferers as two quite different things, which of us shall be safe? Mr. FREEMAN knows very well, when he is on his own ground, that every science must needs have its own terminology, and yet he can indulge in laboured jokes at the anatomist who speaks of the Fissure of Rolando as one who darkens counsel with obscure words. Lesser men have, of course, committed proportional absurdities, and the whole discussion has straggled away into the most lamentable waste of pedantry, scientific, literary, and moral.

Even if it were in a healthier state than it is, there would be no valid excuse for plunging into the controversy again. The merits of the vivisection question have been thoroughly well argued out. There is, however, a question of taste and manners suggested by the current wrangle which deserves to attract the attention of scientific men, as well as of those who only wish to keep free of irritating disputes. The respectable part—which is much the greater part—of the medical profession must have asked itself more than once during the progress of the correspondence in the *Times* whether the cause of science is really served by the eagerness shown by some of its own body to rush into the press for the purpose of trumpeting its praises. That pompous phrase, the priesthood of science, seems to have been taken very seriously by some of its votaries. They preach the truth in season and out of season, and are obtrusively conscious of their own sacred mission. "F. R. S.," for instance, would have done better for his cause if he had had patience enough to wait a little before he carried the *Times* off its feet by his glorification of that

wonderful operation which was as the letting out of water. He might have waited till the patient recovered. Of course we know the patient should, would, could, and might have recovered, and the same can be made clear to all right-minded men. The world not the less agrees with LISETTE—"Hippocrate dira ce qu'il lui plaira; mais le cocher est mort." It is foolish, perhaps, but the "faddling Hedonist" still thinks that the end of medical science is to cure the sick, not to perform fine operations. Doctors and surgeons and F.R.S.'s would, on the whole, be well advised to wait till their patients are on their legs before they boast of the success of the treatment. It is untimely glorifications of this kind which make one wish that an intimate acquaintance with certain plays of *MOLIÈRE* was exacted from medical students. The excessive zeal of men who love science, and have a certain right to speak in its name, may do mischief, and it has a tendency to resemble the self-satisfaction of *MM. TOMÈS, DESFONDRÈS, MACROTON, and BAHIS*—all respectable members of the faculty who had its interests at heart. The indiscreet haste of some has drawn on indiscretions of another kind. Without mentioning names, it seems time to point out that a large percentage of these letters for or against vivisection have a suspicious likeness to what a coarse-minded world calls puffery. One out of four at least is largely devoted to detailing the experiments "I" made at the cost of much inconvenience, and the wonderful results "I" have attained in consequence, with "my" name and address writ large at the foot. All this, of course, may be done in the innocence of the scientific heart, but whether that be so or not, it has an unpleasant resemblance to the advertisements of *M. DIAFOIRUS's Lentil Salt*. Science has had things very much her own way of late years, and has made many conquests. Some of us may suspect that a few of them are much more apparent than real, but we listen complacently enough while she more or less melodiously sings her own praises. The wondrous tale has, however, been taken up by too many voices recently, and they begin to be a little discordant. It looks as if the votaries of science since they came forth into the century had been somewhat affected by its vices, whereof puffery is one of the most enduring and the most poisonous. To our mind the fact that this impression should be produced is, of itself, enough to condemn the whole discussion, and to prove that really eminent men of science would render their cause the best service by strenuously leaving it and its like alone.

OFFENSIVE EXHIBITIONS.

MR. LOUIS BREEZE, "herbalist," of the Broadway, Stratford, takes large views of his own rights and small account of his neighbours' feelings. He seems to think that because he is a "conscientious" anti-vaccinationist, and disbelieves, against evidence as manifest as the rising of the sun, in a safeguard against the ravages of a terrible disease, he may inflict any outrage he pleases upon the taste and nerves of passengers through Stratford Broadway. We think it is much to be wished that *MR. PHILLIPS*, the magistrate at West Ham, had taken some more effectual means of convincing *MR. BREEZE* that such is not the law. Londoners have good reason for being sensitive as to the limits of permissible advertisements. The atrocious abominations which cover certain hoardings, especially at the stations of the Metropolitan District Railway, make life even more dreary and less amusing than we thought. These degrading and demoralizing spectacles may perhaps be defended on the ground that the commodities which they recommend, or the entertainments which they describe, are useful or salutary. No such excuse could be urged on behalf of *MR. BREEZE*. Even if vaccination were the deadly evil which he is foolish enough to consider it, mankind would not be delivered from their bondage to experience, statistics, and medical science by the sort of thing which *MR. BREEZE* was not ashamed to stick up in his shop-window. This was "the frame of a human being representing a person suffering from disease. On the head of the figure sat a representation of SATAN, over one of the eyes of the figure was a bandage, and on the breast was represented the black heart"—whatever that may be. A soft head would be a better emblem for an anti-vaccinationist. We decline to sully our columns with the further description of this device which the police-inspector gave, and which corresponded with one contributed by an admirer to an "anti-vacci-

"nation periodical" known as the *Winnowing Breeze*. A visit from the police caused the stalwart and doughty opponent of *JENNER* to remove the disgusting spectacle, and to substitute for it a notice which he probably intended to breathe the spirit of *ATHANASIUS* against the world. He headed this document "Removal of the Object Lesson"; though *MR. BREEZE* would probably be the first to complain if any doctor condescended to retaliate by exposing in his window the portrait of an unvaccinated person suffering from confluent small-pox. At all events, public opinion, assisted by the Metropolitan Police Force, would soon convince such a medical man—whom we apologize to the profession for imagining to exist—that the clearest and most important truths were not to be inculcated in that fashion. We need not, however, waste many more words upon *MR. LOUIS BREEZE*. He is impenitent, and we regret that he was not taught, even by the imposition of a small fine, that there are other people in the world entitled to consideration besides himself. He announced that he did not intend to exhibit the figure any more, and *MR. PHILLIPS* thereupon advised the withdrawal of the summons.

While the case was being heard, *MR. BREEZE's* solicitor asserted, without proving, that medical publishers exhibited worse pictures in their windows. We do not know whether this is so or not, though we gravely doubt it. But *MR. PHILLIPS* replied that one of them had been convicted, and the wrongdoing of others would be no apology for *MR. BREEZE*. The question what kind of "object lessons" should be put down by the criminal law is no doubt a difficult and delicate one. "If," said *MR. BREEZE* in the proclamation already referred to, "if I had exhibited an effigy of the 'POPE to insult the Irish, no notice would have been taken of it.' We do not feel quite sure that the Irish themselves would not have taken notice of it, and that *MR. BREEZE's* windows would not have been the worse for the violence of the Celtic indignation. He would, in the circumstances, have been entitled to very little sympathy if they had. That, however, is not an answer, and we very much fear that there is some truth in this particular statement of *MR. BREEZE*. What rational view of liberty includes the right to insult and annoy peaceable members of the community? Indecent books may be seized and burnt, although no one is compelled to buy or to read them. Why should the eyes of quiet citizens passing on their lawful occasions be assailed and affronted by ghastly or sickening objects? The law cannot, of course, be expected to guard the senses of exceptionally refined persons against casual shocks. If the sight of magenta gives pain to some, and the appearance of pea green is the reverse of a joy to others, they must bury their woes in silence or confide them to sympathizing fellow-sufferers. But there are sights which cause a thrill of horror to pass even through the most robust, and which the common sense of mankind stigmatises as loathsome. From these the patient and docile taxpayer may fairly expect that public authority will preserve him, and we doubt whether even *MR. HERBERT SPENCER* would spurn his complaint. Ugliness we must endure. But tolerance has its limits, and *MR. BREEZE* is not the only person who oversteps them.

THE SPEECHES OF THE WEEK.

THE Liberal critics who have been making merry with the speeches delivered by *SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE* on his political tour in North Devon during the present week are evidently fully sensible of the weakness of their own party position. It is a safe rule, indeed, to suspect as much whenever we hear the orators or writers of one party taunting the leaders of the other with the absence or the vagueness of a political programme. The air of superiority with which this taunt has been levelled at *SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE* by the advocates of a Cabinet in which land-owners and land-confiscators sit side by side is extremely amusing. What, we may ask in our turn, is the programme of *LORD HARTINGTON* and *LORD GRANVILLE* and their fellow-peers in *MR. GLADSTONE's* Administration? We know what *MR. CHAMBERLAIN's* is. *MR. CHAMBERLAIN's* programme, or the main article of it, consists of a proposal to fine *LORD GRANVILLE* and *LORD HARTINGTON* (when the latter succeeds to the Devonshire estates) in order to create a fund for providing the working classes with constant employment and free education; and *SIR CHARLES DILKE's* programme is, generally speaking, to say ditto to *MR. CHAMBERLAIN*. But these two circumstances, interesting as they are, can scarcely be said to afford us a clear view of the

Liberal policy of the future. On the contrary, they leave that matter in so much obscurity as thoroughly to justify Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's good-humoured criticism of Mr. ACLAND's pamphlet. "What is the good of the vote to the 'agricultural labourer?' is the question which its author propounds to himself; and, thoroughly to his own satisfaction, he answers, 'Give it to the Liberal Government.'" Belief in the PRIME MINISTER (and the PRIME MINISTER's successor, whoever he may be)—that is wisdom; and to depart from the ways of Conservatism—that is understanding. It is a comfortable creed enough, and extremely easy to preach, if not to accept. And when its apostle goes on to say, as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE remarks, that "on 'foreign questions, on colonial questions, and on Irish 'questions it is not necessary for him to say anything,' the effect of so sublime a reliance on the superiority of faith to works becomes absolutely impressive.

It is, of course, unnecessary to remind any intelligent student of politics that the challenge to an Opposition to produce their political programme is in nine cases out of ten a mere irrelevance. Sir ROBERT PEEL's often-quoted refusal "to prescribe until he was called in" is of almost universal application to such demands; and it certainly applies with peculiar emphasis to a case in which the medical practitioner originally summoned has tried every drug in his dispensary, with the result that the condition of the patient has grown steadily worse. Above all is such an answer applicable when probably the utmost that therapeutic science could do for the sufferer's relief would be to throw the medicines out of window and the quack after them, and allow a naturally good constitution time to throw off the debilitating effects of a blundering treatment. The cry for a programme was never indeed heard in its present frequency until the age of political patent medicines had begun. It is assumed by the modern Liberal that the country would always be the better for some legislative dose or other, if you could only find the right one; and this assumption is strictly analogous to that which brings together the advertisers and the purchasers of infallible specifics. The true answer to inquiries after a Conservative "prescription" is that the real need of the country at the present moment is not of a positive but of a negative character; that it wants no new course of treatment, but simply relief from an old one—simply rescue from the incapable hands under which its vitality is being rapidly drained away. This is, in effect, the anticipatory answer which runs through the whole series of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's recent speeches; but it is brought out most strongly perhaps in his speech at Barnstaple. Rejecting Mr. ACLAND's considerate suggestion that the foreign, the Irish, and the colonial policy of the Government should be left out of the discussion, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE employed one-half of his speech in a review of these topics; and no one who candidly studies it should be any longer exercised in his mind on the subject of a Conservative programme. Merely to attempt to undo some of the mischief which has been wrought by the Government in each of these three departments of their business; merely to let disaffected Irishmen, contemptuous foreign Governments, and discontented colonists understand that the Irish, the foreign, and the colonial policy with which the name of the country has for the last four years been associated is to be definitively reversed—this, in the view of any sensible and patriotic Englishman, should be programme enough, and to spare.

Ministerialist orators have not been much in evidence during the present week. The almost unbroken silence of members of the Cabinet is not perhaps surprising under the circumstances. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's short method with the landowners affords, it is doubtless thought, enough matter for public reflection to relieve his aristocratic colleagues of the duty of saying either that they would or that they would not like to pay the suggested "ransom" for their estates. On the other hand, Sir CHARLES DILKE has spoken again at Bradford, but has on this occasion leniently refrained from the discussion of any more revolutionary topic than the Yorkshire wool-trade. Subordinate members of the Government, too, are becoming less ambitious in their choice of topics; Mr. CAINE, for instance, abandoning the burning question of the renewal of the Crimes Act for the much more appropriate subject of temperance in the navy. By far the most valuable speech, however, which has been made from the Liberal ranks was that of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL at Bury, wherein he dealt with the wholly impracticable proposal which Mr. COURTNEY had a few nights earlier been advo-

cating on its general merits, but not disentangling from its special difficulties, in a lecture delivered in Islington. Sir HENRY JAMES was a bold man to attempt to exhibit the cardinal defect of the proportional representation scheme by the method of oral exposition to a mixed audience; but he managed it with so much lucidity that perhaps a small minority of his hearers may have successfully followed the process at the time, and no doubt many more were nerved to wrestle with the problem as put before them in black and white in the next morning's newspapers. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL's exposure of the essential capriciousness of the electoral results of Mr. COURTNEY's scheme was fortified by the very apposite citation of a personal experience of his own—an incident which entirely disposes of the curious contention that, if the voting papers are sufficiently shuffled before counting, the transfer system will then operate fairly for all parties. It is strange, or, perhaps, it is not strange, that a fallacy of this sort should have found a lodgment in Mr. COURTNEY's mathematical mind. It is really like arguing that, if a pack of cards be taken up at random, a sure way of preventing any undue accumulation of trumps in one hand on the first deal is to shuffle the cards; whereas, the trumps of course may be uniformly distributed throughout the pack to begin with, and shuffling the cards may be the very means of accumulating them in one hand. In the case which Sir HENRY JAMES quoted, the voting papers were shuffled till the shuffler's arms ached, and after all the Liberal candidate, who was in a minority of sixty or seventy in two out of the three equal heaps into which they were divided, obtained a majority of 160 in the third. Sir HENRY JAMES's review of the various ineffective proposals for remedying the uncertainty in the operation of the plan was interesting, and especially provocative of curiosity was the fourth method of transfer, which he described as "so complicated in its character and so difficult in its application that I dare not even make an attempt to explain it to you." The best passage in the speech, however, and one which does real credit to the breadth and wisdom of the speaker's views, was the observation that the adoption of Mr. COURTNEY's scheme would result in the practical effacement of that great third party of no politics which in reality decides at each general election the political fate of the other two. Under a system in which every group of opinion is to receive a power exactly proportioned to its magnitude, "the great and most desirable influence," the middle party, is to be reduced, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL complains, "simply to the limits of its numerical strength; its swaying power is to be taken away, and the voters who possess it are to produce no more effect upon an election than the blindest and most 'prejudiced partisan.'" As matters stand, there are in many constituencies enough of such men standing impartially between the two parties to be able to award the victory to either. Under a scheme of proportional representation their decisive influence would, he contends, be lost. The complaint is a just one, and it forms one of the most serious objections to Mr. COURTNEY's scheme.

CAMORRISTS AT SCHOOL.

THE most important requirement of a secret society whose influence in great part is based on the awe with which it inspires the lower classes is a body of agents on whom it can entirely depend. They must be men of courage and strong will, and at the same time unquestioning in their obedience; they must be unscrupulous in carrying out the commands of their superiors, and yet so devoted to the organization that neither bribes, threats, nor promises can induce them to betray its trust. They must be faithful liars, honest thieves, trustworthy criminals; at least some of them must unite all these characteristics. We propose in the present paper to give an account of the way in which the Camorra secures servants of this kind.

For the purposes of the association the whole city is divided into districts, at the head of each of which stands a man who is entitled the *Capo paranze*. He possesses almost unlimited authority over his subordinates, and all the commands of the association are communicated to them through him in such a way that it is generally impossible to decide whether the task is imposed by his own will or that of the power which he represents. In either case he has to be obeyed. Among his other duties is that of securing and training new agents for the Camorra. He makes his choice upon principles exactly opposite to those which generally influence an employer in selecting a servant. If he notices a boy who begins to use his knife on his companions before he has well entered his teens, he keeps an eye upon him; the youth who wastes his money on wine and cards he regards as a promising recruit, especially if his strength and violence render him the terror of his family

and the neighbourhood. He rarely makes any advances to his intended pupils. His position is well known, and young men of the character he requires are eager to pay him their court. He confers an honour upon any one whose services he accepts.

The youth thus chosen is surprised to find that the profession he has selected is by no means the pleasant sinecure he had supposed. It was probably a dislike of work, an impatience of control, and a love of dissipation and distinction, that induced him to seek a connexion with the Camorra. He soon finds he has been deceived in every prospect but the last. He is now, it is true, a *Giovine onorato*, the envy of his friends, and the admiration of their sisters. But this social advantage has been bought at a high price. He has become less the body servant than the slave of the *Capo paranza*. He must be prepared to sleep on the ground, to live for days on the hardest fare, to be always ready at his master's beck and call. In private he receives nothing but blows and insults, which he dare not avenge. His best services are received with an ill-natured growl, if he makes the slightest mistake he is mercilessly punished. All through this course of treatment, it is true, he is allowed a wild night every now and then; that is all. He is, however, free to abandon his position at any moment, as he is frequently told. If he chooses to do so, no grudge is borne him; nay, he will probably be provided with some suitable employment. The Camorra has nothing to fear from anything he can say. Both he and every one else knows that, if he had persevered, he would probably have become an acknowledged agent of that body, but no hint or promise of the kind has been given. He has simply been a personal servant of the *Capo*, and did not like his place. In the same way, if his health shows signs of failing, he will be dismissed, but in this case some provision will be made for him.

After a *Giovine onorato* has successfully passed through these first months of trial, his master's manner begins to relax, and his real training begins. He is instructed in the scientific use of his knife, and such rough fencing as the weapon permits, and shown the parts of the human body where a mortal wound may be inflicted, the latter rather than that he may avoid than that he may choose them. He is also subjected to various exercises that tend to develop strength and agility, and taught to endure long fasts and a prolonged want of sleep. Nor is his intellectual education neglected. Everything is done to train his eye and ear, to quicken his observation, and to strengthen his memory. He is finally instructed in the use of disguises, and in the means by which he may avoid attention or elude pursuit. Some masters teach the pupils in whom they are interested far more than this, while others are negligent and teach them less; the above may, however, be considered the normal course of training, which rarely, if ever, lasts for less than a year.

When a *Capo* believes that his pupil is sufficiently instructed to advance a stage, he communicates with other officers of a similar kind in different parts of the town. At an appointed place and hour they appear with their respective charges, and pit them against each other. A series of fights with knives then takes place, and whoever shows sufficient skill in the use of his weapon, and stoicism in bearing his wounds, is promoted to the rank of a *Picciotto di Sparro*. The greatest proof of hardiness is to seize the opponent's knife by the blade and to wrench it from his hands, a feat which is frequently attempted, but rarely succeeds. When the police find that the interior of one of their prisoner's right hands is marked by deep scars, they at once conclude that he belongs to the Camorra. In the old days these matches, which had frequently a serious and occasionally a fatal termination, used to be fought out with great ceremony, though, of course, with secrecy. The victors were presented with gaudy caps and chains, while the wounded men were deposited in the neighbouring streets, through which friends of the association had promised to pass at a late hour, and by these they were conveyed to the nearest hospital. Now, nobody but those concerned seems to know where and how the combats are conducted, but it is universally believed that they are still continued.

The *Picciotto di Sparro* is usually permitted to rest upon his laurels for a month or two. Of old he used to strike terror into the hearts of husbands and fathers by displaying his new finery in the streets; he has become less conspicuous now, but the arrogant tones of his voice may still be heard in the wine rooms he frequents. He generally outbids the *Capo* in an insolent assumption of authority, though as yet he is not even a complete Camorrist. He has still another trial to pass through. He has given proof of his obedience, his skill, and his courage; he must now show his devotion to the Camorra. His old master appears unexpectedly, and tells him his services are wanted. Some member of the association has been guilty of a crime for which he has been arrested and will be condemned unless help be forthcoming. The *Picciotto* must take the guilt and the punishment upon himself. He is not allowed to do this in any heroic or theatrical manner, for that would excite the suspicion of the court. A train of evidence against him is gradually brought to light without his apparent knowledge or consent, and he is instructed to defend himself, but in so clumsy a manner as to render his conviction certain. When he has been condemned and served his term, his education is complete.

The Society derives several advantages from this system. The acceptance of such a part is a real test both of devotion and cunning, and the prison is the finishing school of the Camorrist. A residence within its walls dispels the vague dread with which inexperienced youths are apt to regard a gaol. During his captivity everything that

the association can do for him is done, and this is far more than outsiders would suspect. On his return to the world, he finds himself separated from respectable society, and all his hopes and expectations are therefore centred in the body whose servant he is. It is true that in this respect Neapolitans are far more tolerant than Englishmen, but still a certain slur rests upon those who have been condemned on any criminal charge except one of violence. But this is not the only gain of the Camorra. The services of the confirmed criminal may be required; at least it is well that both he and his friends should know that in the last moment help will be at hand. This conviction renders them all the more ready to obey orders without fear and without hesitation.

Some of the *Picciotti*, and many of the Camorristi, retire after a time into private life, and adopt a regular trade or handicraft. In such cases they enjoy the full countenance of the association, whose reserve army they form. They are useful in numerous ways—in gaining information, in concealing suspicious articles or suspected persons, conveying news or orders, and carrying out plans which cannot be entrusted to men so generally known as the *Capo*. In return, their interests are furthered in every possible way, and they must be exceedingly wanting in capacity and prudence if they do not succeed in the profession they have chosen. In the worst case they and their families are rarely if ever permitted to sink into absolute want. The Camorra is wise enough to be liberal to all who have served it.

If a Camorrist has displayed the necessary gifts and accomplishments, he is invited to remain in the active service of the society, and soon advances to the rank of a *Capo*, though he may not at once be entrusted with the command of a district. What his direct emoluments are we cannot say, but he enjoys a position which for a man of a violent, arrogant, and commanding temper must possess a great charm. He is obliged to obey orders, it is true, but they come but rarely, and at other times no one is so free as he to follow the dictates of his own inclination, whether they lead him to sensual enjoyment or to the oppression of others. No tavern-keeper thinks of refusing him credit, or asking him to pay a bill. The best food and the best wine are always at his disposal free of cost. The host gives them willingly, for he knows how much his countenance and custom are worth. The boys are eager to run his errands and never think of asking a *soldo* for their pains; the prettiest maidens are flattered, though somewhat fearful, if he smiles upon them; to them he is a hero, a dark, dangerous, violent man, who may very possibly have entered into a league with the evil one, but still a hero. He can make and unmake the fortunes of those among whom he moves. A word or two from him will secure a good position for any youth in whom he is interested, a mere shrug of his shoulders will ensure his dismissal. He can empty or fill a tavern, a café, or a tobacco shop, by an apparently casual hint. Wherever he goes he is surrounded by flattery, and services are thrust upon him. As long as he obeys the commands of the Camorra and respects its members, he may treat the rest of the world pretty much as he pleases, and rest assured that he will not be left without support in case of need.

The rest of the world—that is, the world in which he moves; for of late he has been strictly enjoined not to interfere with foreigners or the middle class, but rather to afford protection, at least to the former. If you chanced to meet him in the Villa or elsewhere you would never suspect his calling. He is a thin wiry man, probably, not much above the middle height, with eyes that never meet yours except just for a second, and that never seem to be on the watch, though they observe everything. He is dressed in the most unnoticeable of suits when he appears in such public places, though in his favourite haunts he delights in gilded chains and cheap jewelry. You would probably pass him without remark, but if your attention were attracted to him, you could hardly fail to note in his face and bearing an air of habitual command which lends him a certain distinction.

THE YOUNG LIONS OF CHAMBERLAINISM.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is ill, and, having ceased from troubling, ceases also in natural equity from being troubled. But his young lions roar mightily, seeking their meat from, or at least off, landlords. Mr. Jesse Collings, indeed, is not, we believe, a lion young in years; but so ardent a devotee of culture for the million will not be displeased at having recalled and applied to him the celebrated couplet about *Les âmes bien nées* and *l'amour*. Mr. Collings deserves to be called a very young lion, for he loves his leader very much. When Dora Copperfield bought the noted salmon which evinced at once her desire to please her husband and her lack of housewifery, the grateful David dissembled the mixed state of his feelings and called her a Mouse, with a capital letter. When all forsook Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Marriott's pamphlets raged furiously about him, Mr. Collings, if our memory does not deceive us, alone of Members of Parliament rallied to his chief, and in an indignant letter called Mr. Chamberlain an Eagle, though we are not quite sure that he used the capital. When a man calls you an Eagle, it is only decent to do or say something in return; and accordingly Mr. Chamberlain the other day in Ipswich, Mr. Collings's own romantic town, described the great part in the establishment of the millennium which was to be borne by Mr. Jesse Collings's Restitution Bill. The Restitution Bill has nothing to do with the return of the Jews to Jerusalem, or with com-

pensation for disturbance in the manufacture of screws. It is busied solely with landlords, as indeed, from what we can make out, the legislation of the future is to be entirely busied. The *Pâté d'Anguilles* (this, as an older form of *toujours perdrix*, we make a present of to hard-up journalists) of the Parliament of Man is to be the landlord, though whether there will be enough of him to stand the cut-and-come-again intentions of his affectionate friends is an economical problem, or rather is no economical problem at all. Among the minor slices that are to be taken out of him are all the pieces of common-land that he has "filched" (the dialect of Ipswich-Birmingham is polite and pretty) without the help of Enclosure Acts. Those which he has filched (for they use the word indifferently) with the help of Enclosure Acts do not, we believe, come within the purview of this particular Bill, but will probably be put to ransom—say at double their market value.

When Mr. Jesse Collings's little scheme had been made public, or rather when attention had been drawn to it by Mr. Chamberlain, a certain "Ruricola"—who has been heard of before—wrote to the *Times* with a little difficulty. Many hundreds of squatters of the humblest class had, said "Ruricola," to his own knowledge filched, and were enjoying the results of this filching. Now, as the professed object of Mr. Collings's Bill is to establish small holders on the filched land, a slight hitch seemed to present itself. Are the squatters to be solemnly evicted for their wickedness and put back for their poverty? Are they to be turned out for good, and better squatters put in their places? Or is it to be established that to filch fifty acres in a lump is a damnable crime, but to filch fifty acres, in fifty or twenty parts, is a rather laudable proceeding? "Ruricola" did not put all these questions explicitly, but left his readers to do so. As for his facts, no one who knew his tolerably patent identity was likely to suspect him of inventing them, and every one who knew at least the southern and south-western counties was aware that he had rather understated the case. But Mr. Jesse Collings was quite equal to the occasion, and we love him so much for being equal to it that we are ready to call him a Mouse or an Eagle or a King's Arms at once, if it will please him. Never, perhaps, has the newest Radicalism shown itself with such artless simplicity.

"Ruricola's" difficulty, says Mr. Jesse Collings, is "more apparent than real." For the object of his Bill is to create small proprietors, and if the small proprietors have already created themselves, why the Dickens (only Mr. Collings is too cultivated a man to use such a vulgar phrase) should they be interfered with? Mr. Collings is, indeed, good enough "not to seek to justify" the action of the small filcher, but he thinks it "not difficult to draw a distinction" between him and the big filcher. He does not draw it, but of course it consists in the mere fact that one is small and the other is big. That is clear enough and agreeable enough in itself; but what is even more agreeable is Mr. Collings's quiet and evidently genuine conviction, that as the criminals in question have fulfilled the object of his Bill, the penal operations of that Bill cannot apply to them. He states this quite gravely, much more politely than men of his school usually do when they are writing to or about landlords, and with an unquestioning belief that "Ruricola" must have omitted to notice this little point. The story of Baxter and toleration has been told too often for it to be permissible to retell it; but surely it has never had a more charming application. "Filchers?" says Mr. Collings in effect to "Ruricola," "these squatters filchers? No, no, my lord; these filchers are in the right and the other filchers are in the wrong, which makes all the difference." And though, of course, Mr. Chamberlain believes no such thing, we honestly believe that Mr. Collings honestly believes it. Blue and white are the absurdest colours possible for a uniform except for the British Artillery and the King's Blue Horse.

But the fun of the fair was not over with Mr. Jesse Collings's amiable proclamation of his two weights and his two measures. Next day there arrived on the field Mr. Arthur J. Williams, a very stark man, who has more of Roland the Just about him than Mr. Collings. We have a dim idea, but are not certain, that Mr. Arthur J. Williams was one of the welter of Welshmen and Williamites who fought the other day about the honour of founding the National Liberal Club. However that may be, on this occasion he wrote from the Reform (how sad that a *pur* like Mr. Williams should still haunt that temple of luxury and ease instead of couching with the fox and the Great Twin Brethren!), and proceeded to lay down the law to "Ruricola" and Mr. Jesse Collings and the world. Having a knowledge of Wales, he contradicts "Ruricola" flatly about England. He knows what Mr. Jesse Collings is going to do so much better than Mr. Jesse Collings himself, that, in spite of the words of that Swan of Orwell, he says poor and rich alike will have to give up their annexations under the Restitution Bill. He knows exactly what is going to happen "in a year or two" (there is a vagueness in this not worthy of Mr. Arthur J. Williams)—"in a year or two we" (that is to say, Mr. Arthur J. Williams and his friends) "shall have a local government in each county elected by the people." Now we know what "the people" means in Mr. Arthur J. Williams's mouth. One of the first things these agreeable local governments will do will be "to lay hands on all the commons." "They will at the same time resume possession" (resume is good) "of all the public land which has been filched from the people." Mr. Collings would, it seems, be satisfied with a prescription of fifty years; but Mr. Williams holds apparently that *nullum tempus occurrit plebi*. He cares for nobody, no, not he, who has got filched land. If he

filched it himself, then, whether he be little or big, Mr. Williams will take it from him with a glow of conscious virtue. If he inherited it, he inherited the original crime of the original filcher. If he bought it, he bought it with a bad title. With this trident the remorseless Mr. Williams tickles the wicked filchers, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns. If they escape one fork, another impales them, and with a sweep at the legs of "Ruricola," and an admonitory rap on the toes of Mr. Jesse Collings for his lack of rigid logic, Mr. Williams swings the victims over his shoulder like a demon in the illustrations to the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and goes home.

We shall now own that we have a horrid suspicion of Mr. Arthur J. Williams. As for Mr. Collings, he is true Birmingham; but what if Mr. Williams be a Tory in disguise? Hideous rumours say that there are many Tories in the Reform Club, and persons of a speculative turn, perhaps taking the hint from Mr. Froude's immortal owl, have been heard to argue the point whether the well-known excellence of the Reform Club cook is due to this Toryism, or whether the Toryism is due to the excellence of the cook. Now supposing that Mr. Williams is a Tory, how could he better serve his disgraceful party than by this little letter in the *Times*? Mr. Collings is illogical; some people (but that is harsh) would say immoral. But he baits his swim liberally. All the small squatters *in esse* are to keep what they have got, and all the small squatters *in velle* are to have the land of the big squatters. But Mr. Williams sets the whole class of small squatters against him by threatening them with immediate and ruthless eviction, comforting them only by a dubious chance of "larger holdings" some time or other afterwards. Mr. Williams says he knows something of the country. We can only say that, if he thinks this kind of promise will console any small English peasant or squatter for a certain expulsion, he knows nothing about the countryman. Then, too, the vigour and precision of Mr. Williams's theories about the wickedness of extending the Statute of Limitations are admirably calculated to unite in defence of the Land Laws as they stand all manner of classes and persons who might have remained comparatively apathetic if the crusade against landlords had been mapped out less vigorously. For it is clear that, if Mr. Williams's views are carried out, not merely landowners, but a multitude of persons who derive title or user through landlords—farmers, holders of accommodation land, market gardeners, besides tenants of houses in vast numbers, shops, stables, sheds, outbuildings—will be subject to great annoyance and in many cases to positive loss. There is at present remarkably little enthusiasm in any English breast for the communes to the establishment of which Mr. Williams looks forward with such hope and confidence. To have a strip of his garden, the ground that his back kitchen is built on, the meadow in which he pastures his cow, the detached stable in which he keeps his cart and horse, suddenly transferred to a local Board, with a probable raising of rent, a certainty of fuss and disturbance, and a great possibility of being turned out, is not likely to be delightful to gardener or cowkeeper, small tradesman or villa resident. All these good folk Mr. Williams has made recruitable for the army of the enemy, and a very good twenty minutes' work for the landlords' cause the writing of his letter may be said to have been.

In him, then, and in Mr. Jesse Collings we have two very pleasing young lions of Chamberlainism. Mr. Collings's roaring exhibits its robust and logical morality, its great doctrine *respicere finem* (which has here a special applicability because of the little Latin joke about it and the recorded fate in the past of many good people who only meddled with other people's property), and its amiable habit of sacrificing everything to a good round bait and bribe. Mr. Williams, when he wags his tail, excels in displaying its practical spirit, its charming cocksureness, and, above all, the paradise of litigation, disturbance, and general topsy-turvyfication which it holds out to an enraptured British public.

EDMOND ABOUT.

THE death of M. Edmond About removes from French contemporary literature one of its most brilliant representatives. The loss to French journalism, though great, is at the present time by no means so great as it would have been in the stirring times which preceded and followed the fall of the Empire. It was especially at the time when a monarchical and clerical restoration seemed possible that English readers will best remember the keenness and vigour with which M. About, with his colleague, M. Francisque Sarcey, conducted the *XIX^e Siècle* in Paris. Every day, during those eventful months, was full of surprises and of those political transformations which supplied a fertile theme for comment to such an intelligence as that of M. About. We can recollect no instance where a daily paper was so certain to give amusement to the reader, and where he could buy wit and satire so cheaply. When Bourbons, Orleanists, and Republicans were all struggling for the place left vacant by the fall of the Empire, and when it was also quite possible that an Imperial Restoration might be brought about, the changes and accidents of political life offered a field for the journalistic talent of M. About, which the more settled state of affairs that now prevails in France does not. Any odd contrast in a political situation, any *bêtise* on the part of a public man, any piece of bigotry or pedantry done by a bishop, any of the thousand unexpected incidents which occur in times of stirring political conflict, was

sure to catch his quick eye and be made the subject of his ready wit. He never attained the reputation of a weighty journalist, like that enjoyed by M. John Lemoine, but the *XIX^e Siècle* was certainly more amusing reading, and in those days a greater political power, than the *Débats*. The gaiety and vivacity which he always brought into political controversy were never more needed than when France was suffering from the deep moral depression which followed the war with Germany and the Communistic outbreak, and when the future seemed for a time to be as ominous of evil as the past.

The *Times* informs its readers that Edmond About was meant by nature to be a novelist, and that he made a mistake and turned politician. We think that this will not be the verdict of any careful and well-informed criticism. In the obituary notice which that paper published of him that masterpiece of political writing, the *Question Romaine*, is termed a "pamphlet." It is a solid octavo volume containing more than three hundred pages. About was, above all, a wit and a controversialist. He loved the kind of skirmishing to which political life affords so much scope to a man of his genius and temperament. His fame with posterity will, we believe, rest on freaks of fancy like *L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée*, on semi-political novels like *Le Roi des Montagnes*, and on political essays—serious in their substance, though delightfully witty in their style—like *La Grèce Contemporaine* and *La Question Romaine*. He was a man of many ambitions and with many sides to his character. Born in 1828, he had, as a first step in his education, the experience of a Roman Catholic seminary. No doubt his youthful recollections pointed many of the shafts which in later years he directed against the Clerical party. Some, like M. Renan, who have gone through such experiences keep up a sentimental interest in a system from which they intellectually have dissented. But in About's writings we see, whenever he touches on the subject of the Church and of clerical education, reminiscences of an inquisitive and vivacious boyhood, such as might well prove troublesome to the directors of a Catholic or any other school. Whatever About may have suffered at the hands of his clerical instructors he paid them back with interest in after years. At the age of twenty, having long left the school in question, he gained the prize which enabled him to finish his education at the *École Normale*, and afterwards went as Professor to the French Academy at Athens. It was here that he acquired the practical knowledge which he afterwards gave to the world in the *Grèce Contemporaine* and the *Roi des Montagnes*. The French school at Athens was founded from reasons more sentimental than scientific. It was "pour lire les classiques sous le beau ciel de la Grèce," rather than to seriously prosecute archaeological studies, that it was at first established—or, to speak more accurately, it was through the effect of phrases such as this that the founding of such a school was made attractive to the French public. The institute has prospered and done useful work, and among its good results has been the possibility which it afforded to Edmond About to write the two charming books which associate his name with Greece. In writing of Greece About was able to be impartial. He had the love of the country which any man of liberal education can hardly be without, balanced by the quick sense of humour to which the contrast between the ancient Greece as we figure it and the modern Greece as we see it cannot fail to appeal. The contrast was far stronger thirty years ago, when About was staying in Athens, than it is now. Never was there a more witty Philhellene than he. He loved the country for the sake of old and honoured associations; but the corruption and charlatanism which then prevailed (and still to a large extent prevail) in modern Greece were to him an inexhaustible field for satire. Yet both in the *Grèce Contemporaine* and in the *Roi des Montagnes* there is always a fund of just observation. They read, both the novel and the collection of little essays, like the impressions of a lively and wide-awake traveller who does not always give one the literal truth, but who gives it on the whole, and gives it vividly. The substantial accuracy of About's account of Greece can hardly be questioned. The *Roi des Montagnes* was published in the year 1856, and some years later the capture at Marathon, and afterwards the murder (when no sufficient ransom was forthcoming) of some English tourists showed that the picture was by no means overdrawn. The complicity in this case, as in many others, of Athenian politicians with their friends the brigands was more than suspected. The same idea has been since worked out, though in a far inferior style, by other novelists. It is true that About, like most of his countrymen, was never able fully to enter into the life of another nation. He always judged foreign countries from the point of view of the Boulevard. He was only really at home in Paris; and with all his travels, his wide reading, his intelligence, and his fine power of observation, he remained unable to understand the political forces of his time. He saw too exclusively the ridiculous side from which hardly any, even the most serious cause is exempt. As he looked at Greece, so he viewed Italy and Germany. Indeed, it may be said that the same mental characteristic which hindered him from judging other countries impartially prevented him even from fully understanding his own. It is certain that his influence did not grow as he advanced in life.

What he did for Greece in his *Grèce Contemporaine* and in his *Roi des Montagnes*, he did for Italy in his *Question Romaine* and *Tolla*. In both cases the novel illustrating the social life of the country should be read along with the series of political studies. The *Question Romaine* is undoubtedly one of the ablest and the most entertaining political works ever written.

One paragraph is so characteristic of About's style that it deserves quoting whole. Describing the youth among the Roman nobility, who then had all careers closed to them either by law, custom, or etiquette, he writes as follows:—"Un beau matin ils ont vingt-cinq ans. A cet âge, un Américain a fait dix métiers, quatre fortunes, une faillite, deux campagnes, plaidé un procès, prêché une religion, tué six hommes à coups de revolver, affranchi une négresse, et conquis une île. Un Anglais a passé deux thèses, suivi une ambassade, fondé un comptoir, converti une catholique, fait le tour du monde, et lu les œuvres complètes de Walter Scott. Un Français a rimé une tragédie, écrit dans deux journaux, reçu deux coups d'épée, essayé deux suicides, contrarié quatorze maris et changé dix-neuf fois d'opinion politique. Un Allemand a balafé quatorze de ses amis intimes, avalé soixante tonnes de bière et la philosophie de Hegel, chanté onze mille couplets, compromis une servante, fumé un million de pipes et trempé dans deux révolutions. Le prince romain n'a rien fait, rien vu, rien appris, rien aimé, rien souffert." In another part of the book About, talking of the mendicancy which then prevailed in Rome, tells how he walked one day along the Corso well dressed, and asked alms, by way of experiment, from anybody who seemed likely to give them, and how he collected several francs in the course of his journey. The chapter on Antonelli is a masterpiece, and the facts which have been brought to light since his death fully justify, even in the eyes of the friends of the Church, the strictures which the gay and acute critic passed upon him at the time when the late Cardinal was one of the leading personages in Europe. In *Tolla*, which, though founded upon an Italian book, can, as every reader familiar with About's style knows, be as fairly called his own as Molière's *Fourberies de Scapin* is the work of Molière, About developed, in the form of a novel most pathetically told, the theme which he had already given in the *Question Romaine*. The utter rottenness of Roman society under the Papal rule, the intrigues which seemed the only occupation of the educated classes (if they could so be called), the effete state of the whole population, high and low, are all set forth in a style which is certainly his own, and not borrowed from anybody else.

Of About's purely literary works it is enough to say that they are always charmingly written, and are sometimes such as hardly any living man could have produced. His various novels and critical essays dealing with Parisian life or art show a power of lively and keen criticism which every reader will recognize. It is a fault, no doubt, in the works that they are seldom entirely free from the touch of vulgarity which disfigures, for instance, *Le Nez d'un Notaire*. About, however subtle and smart as a critic, failed always in getting hold of his subject as a whole. The work of his life has consisted in giving a series of brilliant and often just *aperçus* on the questions of his day, and of also affording much wholesome amusement to many thousands of readers. He was not a great novelist. He never understood the human heart as Thackeray or Balzac did. He never, like them, went down to the deep foundations of human nature. But few writers of our time have been more exhilarating and suggestive.

We have dwelt more fully on the journalistic and political influence of About rather than on the rest of his writings because we think that, interesting and readable as all his work is, his novels will not, with the exception of the *jeux d'esprit* above referred to, have a permanent value in the future. There is, however, one personal charge as to which we wish to make a remark. About has been severely blamed, both here and in France, for his complacency towards the Empire and the zeal which he afterwards showed for the Republic. But times and circumstances must be taken into consideration. Between 1859 and 1866 the French Empire was the leading Power on the Continent, and it seemed probable that the Napoleonic dynasty might be firmly established in France. Even strong opponents of the Empire were during those years thinking whether the duty which they owed to their country did not override the dislike which they felt towards the Emperor and to the gang by which he was surrounded, and whether it was not better to accept what was bad in order to prevent what was worse. What were the motives of About's action we do not pretend to say; but we think that some consideration is due to those who supported the Empire, in spite of its vices, when it seemed, for the time, to be pursuing a large and generous policy, and who were afterwards undeceived. In those years nearly everybody in France was found to shift his ground, and there is no reason why About should be made a scapegoat for errors, if they were such, which he shared with a large number of the best of his compatriots.

PRINCESS GEORGE.

LA PRINCESSE GEORGES is one of the very worst of the several very bad plays which M. Alexandre Dumas has written. Its immorality has not unnaturally been denounced, and there is good reason to ask what the Examiner of Plays can possibly refuse to license after having passed a bald translation of *La Princesse Georges*; but we are now less concerned with this than with the fact that the piece is hopelessly undramatic. The author declares that he knows no immoral plays, only ill-made ones. Our complaint against the work is that it is ill-made. The characters are all either utterly contemptible or painfully tedious; the incidents are poor and the ending is ridiculous. The play did

not succeed in Paris, with all the power of a Desclée to give the character of Séverine, the Princess, life and passion; with the brightness of M. Dumas's dialogue to aid, and with the possibility of creating some interest in those social problems which do not concern an English audience. How, then, was it to be reasonably hoped that it would succeed in London with a Séverine who is certainly not a Desclée, with dialogue vulgarized and blunted? *La Princesse Georges*, in truth, is not a play at all, but merely the study of a wretchedly weak-minded woman whose husband is false to her in circumstances of especial baseness. It is elaborately set forth that a woman so placed can do little for herself, and that the law can do nothing for her; furthermore, that it is her duty to forgive. This latter proposition will be held to depend chiefly on the nature of the husband's offence; and, for the rest, who cares? There may be English wives in the situation of the *Princesse de Birac*; but they are not so common as to render it necessary for a dramatist to enlighten them with regard to their duty from his point of view; nor is the stage the proper field to be employed for the purpose of their enlightenment. M. Dumas is not as other dramatists are. He stands alone. Whether it be that he despises the tricks of M. Sardou and other popular writers, or that he lacks either patience or ingenuity to compass them, his plays are frequently found totally lacking in that ingenuity which creates interest. He is a self-constituted moral teacher, whose theses are generally wrong—they must be so often, because they are often altogether contradictory—and whose method of working them out is not seldom both wearisome and repulsive. His sentiments and ideas, being his own, are in every way foreign to Englishmen. A play is surely ill-made when there is no one in it for whom sympathy is created; and with whom can we sympathize in *La Princesse Georges*? Not with the wife, so abject a slave in her passion for the husband who deceives her, whom she forgives, and who lies to her the moment afterwards while vowing fidelity and gratitude? Not certainly with the husband, the ready dupe of a shameless harlot? These, with Sylvanie, Comtesse de Terremonde, the cause of all the evil, are the only characters which are more than mere outlines. The story is too generally known to render its repetition necessary; if the reader does not know it, he loses little. The whole plot points to the death of the Prince by the pistol of his mistress's husband, who has learned that his wife is faithless, and is waiting to execute vengeance. While yet Séverine and her husband are verbally and physically struggling together, he desiring to go and face Terremonde, whom he has betrayed, she earnest to save his life, the pistol shot is heard. Terremonde has killed another of his wife's lovers, "le mouton du sacrifice d'Abraham," as M. Dumas in his expository preface calls the victim. "Tuer le prince," says M. Dumas, "cet infidèle de douze heures qui peut et doit être sauvé par l'amour, eût été une complaisance illogique, un pâté grossière, jetées à quelques tempéraments et à quelques appétits qui voudraient voir exterminer, dans le monde fictif, ceux qu'ils ne peuvent atteindre dans le monde réel. Ce dénouement, indigne de l'art, des vérités acquises, de toi"—this is his "Cher public"—"et de moi, eût été le lendemain parfaitement grotesque." We are not in the least convinced. The real world is all very well; but on the stage, besides that which is real, we want that which is dramatic. To get up the alarm that some one is to be shot, and to shoot a man who has passed off the boards and out of memory, was found equally grotesque at the Gymnase and at the Prince's.

In the English translator's hands the neatness of the original dialogue totally vanishes. This is not only the case in the epigram and repartee, but in the ordinary speeches. Thus, when Séverine's mother hears that the Prince has drawn out two millions of her daughter's fortune, the translator makes her say, "And Séverine is always talking of love and romance!" How differently does this sound from the French. "Deux millions! Et Séverine, qui ne parle que de son amour." The end of the second act is equally clumsy. Séverine tells Terremonde that his wife has a lover. "Son nom?" he cries, "Cherchez!" is her reply. This does not satisfy the translator, who must make his Séverine answer to the question "Who is he?" "Your friend, of course!" In this scene the Séverine of Mrs. Langtry was perhaps at its best. The actress is very deficient in emotional power, and lacks also that nice sense of gradation which is so valuable. Thus when Séverine has pardoned the Prince, has consented to show no sign of wrath when called upon to undergo the ordeal of receiving his mistress, she suddenly abandons her tender, earnest manner, and says archly and playfully, "You won't take her into corners and talk to her?" The speech and the style of its delivery are alike hopelessly out of place. Disappointment was also created by Mrs. Langtry in what should be the striking scene, in which Séverine orders the Comtesse from the house. We do not dwell upon these details, as they may be amended; but we mention them because they show the want of that dominating force with which the true artist compels attention and respect. Mr. Coghlan made the best of one of the most offensive parts an actor could be called upon to play. He lied like truth, which is the chief requisite in the character of Georges, Prince de Birac. Mr. Smedley showed quiet humour as Victor, the Prince's valet. The rough but not ineffectual Sylvanie of Miss Roselle is the only other performance that need be mentioned. *La Princesse Georges* has never been a success in Paris, and there are a score of reasons why it should be infinitely less successful in England. The failure is, in fact, deservedly complete.

Mr. Mark Quinton's new Olympic play, *In His Power*, is not destitute of rough vigour and ingenuity, though in many particulars it is very clumsy and conventional. The representation, in which Miss Cavendish, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, Mr. Cartwright, and Mr. Grahame take the chief parts, calls for no special remark.

SIR CHARLES DILKE ON TRADE.

THE necessity for opening up new channels of trade was the theme of Sir Charles Dilke's speech on Monday evening to the Bradford Chamber of Commerce. The need is felt by every country in Europe, and, indeed, is one of the motives for that policy of colonial expansion which is just now disturbing the world; but it takes different form with ourselves from that which it assumes in Continental countries. Our colonial possessions are already so vast that we might prefer, could it be done, not to add immediately to their extent. It is only in self-defence or under the pressure of overmastering circumstances that we annex new territory. Nevertheless, great as is our desire to avoid too rapid and wide an expansion of the empire, we are forced every now and then to take under our protection some new bit of country; and it was a rather significant evidence of the necessity for this course of conduct that a member of the Government which so loudly professes its desire to scuttle out of Egypt, which abandoned the Transvaal, and which refused to establish peace and order in Zululand, should hint a regret that Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet refused to sanction the taking possession of the Congo basin ten years ago. Sir Charles Dilke, it is true, admitted that Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet was only following the established policy of the Colonial Office; but at the same time he allowed it to be seen that in his opinion the refusal was unfortunate, and he ventured to say no more with regard to the action of the Berlin Conference than that he hoped it would promote the object of extending the markets for our goods. For obvious reasons the President of the Local Government Board refrained from all reference to other quarters of the world in which markets may be found for our manufactures. The valley of the Nile is at least as promising a field for trade as the valley of the Congo; and yet Sir Charles Dilke's colleagues have compelled the Egyptian Government to evacuate the Soudan, and repeatedly protest that the expedition to Khartoum is not intended to reverse the evacuation. Again, both in Zululand and in Central Asia the present Government has deliberately adopted a policy which has resulted in greatly restricting our trade. There are, of course, other ways besides annexation by which the markets of the uncivilized parts of the world may be opened up; but it is obvious that in some way new markets must be secured or our trade must languish. Whether we like it or not, the more advanced countries will grow in manufacturing industry, and as they so grow their competition will be felt by us in every quarter. Our exports to them must decrease, or at the best must remain stationary, and their exports to us must inevitably augment. It is only in the more backward parts of the world that we can find a constantly increasing demand for our goods, and when the fostering of our trade is in view, it is to the opening up of these markets that the attention of the commercial world and of the Government should be mainly directed. In the figures relating to the Bradford woollen trade cited by Sir Charles Dilke we have evidence of what has just been said. The imports of wool from Australasia have increased immensely during the past ten years; but our consumption of wool has remained almost stationary. Continental countries have taken from us so large a part of the imports that the quantity retained for manufacture at home is little larger now than it was ten years ago. Yet in the interval our wealth and population have grown very largely, and doubtless so has also our consumption of woollen goods. To some extent the demand for woollen goods has been satisfied by the manufacture of mixed goods, composed partly of silk, cotton, or the like; but largely it has been satisfied by the import of French and German wares. In other words, the woollen manufacture of the Continent has improved so decidedly that the Continental woollen manufacturers are competing actively with us in our own markets. And this must continue to be the case more decidedly in the future. Natural aptitudes, more artistic tastes, and the manufacture of finer and costlier goods will in regard to special productions give a preference to the foreign manufacturer over our own in our markets, especially for the wealthier classes. And this keener competition on the part of foreigners must be counterbalanced, if we are to hold our own, by extending our markets, chiefly in the more backward countries.

There is another way, of course, in which our markets may be extended—by negotiating commercial treaties with the more advanced countries. To some extent, as we have said, British manufacturers have lost control of the Continental markets because of the growth of industry upon the Continent; but to a much larger extent the loss is owing to the adoption of a protective policy by the several Continental countries. As these countries, however, desire to open up new markets abroad for their manufactures as well as to retain the home markets for them, they are willing to relax somewhat their protective policy in return for concessions on the part of foreign Governments. Where, therefore, we have it in our power to make such concessions, we may be able to open up Continental markets by means of commercial treaties; and happily Sir Charles Dilke on Monday evening was able to announce that this has just been done in the case of Spain. It will be

recollected that in December 1883 a Convention was concluded with the late Government of Spain, but that it has never been carried into effect. Now, however, the new Government has revived the agreement then entered into, and we hope under more favourable conditions. The party at present in Opposition originated the policy which the Government seems resolved on carrying out, and it is to be presumed, therefore, that it will not seriously resist the passing of such legislative measures as may be necessary to give the understanding effect. Moreover, the Convention two years ago provided that mixed Commissions should be appointed to revise the Customs regulations, and, with some show of reason, the provision was objected to by Spaniards as giving foreigners a right to interfere in the domestic legislation of Spain. The Customs regulations, however, have since been reformed, Sir Charles Dilke states, in a satisfactory manner; and thus the necessity for mixed Commissions has been done away with. Altogether, then, it may be hoped that the new arrangement with Spain will encounter much less opposition than the old. But the arrangement does no more than place the merchants of this country on an equal footing with the merchants of other foreign countries. That, no doubt, is a considerable gain. Sir Charles Dilke stated that, of the two numbers which include the principal Bradford goods, the reduction in the one case is from 8 francs to a little over 2½ francs, and in the other from 5 francs to somewhat under 2½ francs. There is, therefore, so far at least as woollen goods are concerned, a very considerable reduction in the duties imposed on British imports; but the duties still are very heavy, and no great trade can be expected to be done unless a further reduction can be obtained. Sir Charles Dilke holds out a hope that something more may be obtained. That evidently depends upon the concessions which our Government is prepared to make in regard to the wine duties. Sir Charles, while pointing out that hitherto British goods have been unduly taxed in comparison with other foreign goods, urged that there was no fixed intention on the part of Spain to deal unfairly with England. It may have been politic on the part of a Cabinet Minister to put the matter so; but less responsible persons need not hesitate to say that the fact is otherwise. The Spaniards complain that our wine duties are unduly favourable to France, and unduly unfavourable to Spain; and they imposed, therefore, on British goods a hostile tariff, in the hope of compelling us to reform our wine duties. Furthermore, England being the greatest of manufacturing countries, there was naturally more fear of English competition on the part of Spanish manufacturers than of any other competition, either European or American. But, while the differential duties imposed upon British goods were intentional, it is no doubt true that we might be able to obtain more favourable treatment than other countries if, in return, we gave some advantage to Spanish wines. That is a matter, however, not easily done. Whatever may be conceded to Spain must, as a matter of course, be conceded also to France and to our own colonies. Moreover, a very radical treatment of the subject will probably bring forward demands on the part of the Irish and Scotch distillers which may have a very serious effect upon the revenue. Altogether the question is a very difficult and thorny one, as is proved by the fact that the Government is now nearly five years in power, and yet, while pledged from the first to deal with the question, has not up to the present seen its way to do so. Yet undoubtedly Sir Charles Dilke's language on Monday night would lead us to suppose that at last some means have been discovered which will satisfy Spain and yet not impose too great a sacrifice on the exchequer.

Sir Charles Dilke also announced that a preliminary agreement had been arrived at with Mexico, and that negotiations are proceeding for the conclusion of a definitive treaty by which British trade is now accorded the most favoured nation treatment in that country. The new Greek tariff, too, makes concessions to woollens, though, in Sir Charles's language, "it presses with absurd severity upon cottons." And, lastly, we are told that the long negotiations with Turkey are progressing favourably. All this is highly satisfactory, and it may be hoped that it will lead to an improvement in our trade. But it must not be forgotten that Spain, Mexico, Greece, and Turkey are poor and backward countries with small purchasing power. No doubt their natural resources are vast, and with good government they would rapidly advance in wealth and civilization. But for the present we can hardly hope for a very great extension of trade with them. That, of course, is no reason why the Government should neglect improving our relations with them. Although, compared with the whole value of our trade, our dealings with those four countries are small, to the individual merchants engaged the matter is as important as if the transactions were much larger; and it need not be said that it is the duty of the Government to promote the interests of all British subjects without distinction. We would only guard against too sanguine hopes being formed of the results of these negotiations. At the same time it rests largely with our manufacturers whether the benefits of the negotiations are large or small. If they apply themselves to studying the peculiar requirements of each country, they will doubtless be able to push the trade very considerably, and gradually they may oust all competition and get the control of the several markets. In wealth, skill, machinery, and resources of all kinds they have a vast superiority over their competitors. They need only to give due attention in order, therefore, to beat their rivals and to establish unquestioned supremacy in those countries. But still, whatever may be done, the countries are too

poor and backward to support a very large trade. If, indeed, Ministers could announce the conclusion of a commercial treaty with France, or still better with the United States, they would have done something to earn the gratitude of the trading classes. And their achievement would be greater still, could they induce our own colonies to exempt British goods from protective tariffs.

THE BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

CHESS-PLAYERS should be practically of one accord in thinking that the new Association which held its first general meeting on Tuesday will do good service in fostering the game. We play so much more than our grandfathers used to play that something in the nature of centralization and systematic direction has long been thought necessary. When a game becomes thoroughly national, it needs to be organized and governed as a kind of national federation; and chess has been for some years a distinctly national game. The credit is partly due to the Counties Chess Association, Mr. Skipworth's lusty bantling, which evidently does not like the idea of being crowded down by its London rival. But the thing required is a national organization, and, in order to be national, it is almost indispensable to any institution that it should strike root in and ramify from the metropolis.

Sir Charles Dilke might well have included chess in the list of games which he glorified a few nights ago before the festive cyclists, and which have received a remarkable development since he left his nursery—assuming for the moment that Sir Charles was once young enough to grace a nursery. It is not only in athletics that the nineteenth-century Englishman has displayed his love of recreative sport; and we are happy to think that the better encouragement of our national pastimes is by no means exclusively due to such of us as are more muscular or less intellectual than the average man. At any rate the culture of chess keeps pace with that of cricket, and its popularity equals in its own arena the popularity of bicycling and tricycling. Good amateur players are now reckoned by hundreds where they were lately reckoned by the dozen, and the demand for a central association, in which local clubs and individual players may have a voice in all that concerns their general interests, is a natural outcome of this increase of numbers. There has been a Chess Association in Germany, we believe, for some years past; and Germany is perhaps the only country which can show a development as rapid and a record as satisfactory as our own. It was to be expected that the English Association, when once formed, should possess a wider, and what Sir Robert Peel tickled himself by calling a more democratic, constitution; and that this is the case will be apparent to any one who takes the trouble to compare the two bodies with each other. The German federation of clubs is happy under the Bismarckian rule of a gentleman who combines the functions of president, treasurer, committee, auditor, and honorary secretary. We, in our methodical fashion, distribute the coveted honours amongst poet-laureates, dogmatic philosophers, embryo party leaders, Parliamentary free-lances, and past masters of the art of chess.

The regulations adopted on Tuesday were well conceived in the first instance, and were unquestionably improved by the criticism to which the meeting subjected them. Ordinary individual membership of the Association is secured by the payment of five shillings a year; life-membership implies a donation of three guineas. Local clubs are to be admitted very cheaply, at the rate of five shillings for every twenty-five members. This is less than half of what the Council had suggested, and was thought by some speakers to be too little; but it must be remembered that many chess clubs include members to whom the payment of an additional sixpence is a matter for consideration; and the central body does well to remove every assignable objection against affiliation. It is possible that some clubs will begin by refusing to submit to the newly-constituted authority, and one provincial representative showed himself very restive on Tuesday night because the annual fixture for the tournament was not left to be decided by lot, all the counties drawing, and London being reckoned as a county. We incline to think that preliminary difficulties and jealousies will disappear, and that the Association will eventually rest upon a firm and broad basis, with no important club omitted from its roll. If in the meantime the old C.C.A. takes a further lease of life, and holds its tournaments in the provinces, at any rate during the years when the B.C.A. meets in London, no one need grudge it this deliberate and dignified process of self-extinction. It may be doubted whether the honorary memberships of the new body will prove to be a source of strength or of weakness. We are to be introduced to a limited number of people with diplomas, styled "Chess Masters," and to a further limited number of problem composers, players of end games, and so forth, who will have the proud privilege of winding up their signatures with the letters F.B.C.A. This may please some members of a class notoriously averse of honourable distinction, and it will probably hurt no one, unless it be the masters and fellows themselves. It might be wise to begin this new dispensation of diplomas by conferring the first degrees on professors of some of the ninety-five unorthodox methods of playing chess, which were enumerated by a gentleman of redundant leisure not very long ago. If the proposal were a wise one, it would survive that test; and, if not, nobody would be a penny the worse.

Special interest on various grounds was manifested in the match

on Monday last between the St. George's and the City of London Club, which ended in a victory for the latter by twelve games to eight. The success was practically due to the second half of the City team, which includes several young players of considerable promise. At the same time the West-End club would be fully warranted in challenging the victors to a return match before the year is out.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

THE old master of the year is Mabuse. The picture which has come to the Academy from Castle Howard is, in every way, magnificent. Most people know Mabuse only by his later work, or by such pictures as the three children's heads at Hampton Court, which Mr. Scharf would identify as Princes of the Danish family; but in Lord Carlisle's picture the Italian influence which acted so unfortunately on Mabuse and Van Orley and others of the school is unfelt. The words of Dr. Waagen are perfectly true when he says of Mabuse "in this picture he successfully rivals the two most celebrated contemporary painters in the Netherlands, Roger van der Weyden and Quentin Matsys." The group of the Madonna and Child is lovely, and some of the angels are equally graceful; many of the male figures are more or less grotesque, but the King who is kneeling in the foreground has a fine manly appearance, and is probably intended for the portrait of a patron. The ruins among which the numerous figures are disposed have the picturesqueness of incongruity, but there is little or no "gothic" feeling about them. The dresses, especially that of an attendant of the black king, Balthazar, are rich and finished to a degree rare even in those days, and in the early Flemish school. The design of the golden cup which Jasper presents, and which bears his name, is just such as is sometimes seen in old engravings by Schöngauer or Israel van Meckenem. The king's name is on the lid of the cup, IASPAR. The Catalogue wrongly gives it as Gaspar, which may be worth mentioning, as it is still marked "under revision." Fortunately for his fame the artist has signed the picture, not once only, but twice, or it would undoubtedly have been attributed to another master, Memling, perhaps, or Roger van der Weyden. "Jan Gossaert" is written in gold letters round the Ethiopian king's cap, and reminds us that "Mabuse" is a French corruption of Maubeuge, the name of the painter's birthplace. It is now in Northern France, but was then in Flanders. The Castle Howard "Adoration of the Magi" is in the most perfect preservation. Dr. Waagen observed in 1835 that it looked "as if it had been painted but yesterday." Half a century has elapsed, and it still looks new and fresh.

Had Mabuse's masterpiece not been in the gallery more attention would have been bestowed on Mr. Maple's "Marriage of the Virgin." It is attributed, for want of a better name, to Van Eyck, but has, in our opinion, little look of his work, at least as it may be seen in our National Gallery and at Ghent and Bruges. Nevertheless, it is a fine and interesting picture, worthy of careful examination, especially with a view to finding the painter's name. The high priest who officiates wears a bishop's mitre—Wycliffe talks of the "Chief Justice and bishops of Jerusalem"—and resembles in other points figures in one or two pictures of the same school at the National Gallery. The figure of the Madonna is ungraceful, and some of the ladies attending on her look like portraits. The disappointed suitors have very finely painted but rather grotesque faces. One of them wears a plaited beard, hung with bells. In the background are scenes from the legend of the youth of the Virgin and the lives of Joachim and Anna. These secondary pictures are cleverly introduced, and, somehow, do not look out of place. Altogether, this fine work deserves more notice than it seems to have received.

These two great pictures put everything else in the same room into the shade. But several others are worthy of examination. Mr. Locker's "Virgin and Child, and Saints," by Raffaellino del Garbo, is a very brilliant little work. The portrait of Philip Beroaldus, by Borgognone, is interesting, as is Lord Lothian's Dello Delli, "The Triumph of Love." Mr. Willett sends twelve examples from the curious frieze of the Gonzaga Palace at St. Martino, near Mantua. Twelve similar heads were exhibited last year. They are not equal in interest, but some of them are exceedingly lifelike and characteristic. Lord Lothian's Botticelli is of the usual type, being circular and representing "The Madonna and Child." There are many other early Italian pictures, especially those lent by Mr. Graham and Mr. Butler, which are more curious than beautiful.

The great room contains three of the famous Marlborough Rubenses, of which the most important is the smallest, the very beautiful portrait of Anne of Austria. The others are "Lot escaping from Sodom," a vulgar, ugly, but vigorous picture, in outrageously inharmonious colour; and a "Venus and Adonis," which is chiefly remarkable as showing the inferiority of Rubens to Titian in the treatment of the subject. At the opposite end of the gallery hangs Lord Lothian's grand Van Dyck, "Portrait of Charles I."—a picture which seems to have escaped the notice of Dr. Waagen. The King is on a grey horse, riding through a triumphal arch, with curtains on either side, and a shield of arms on the ground at his right side. The head and face are fine, the rest of the picture appearing to be purposely kept down, so as to look almost as if a moonlight scene was intended. No exhibition of Old Masters at the Academy would be complete without its

"Wentworth, Earl of Strafford," by Van Dyck. This year's portrait is lent by Lord Jersey. Two very interesting pictures are the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, by Lucas de Heere. They evidently at one time formed one picture, or at least were in one frame. The background is formed of a marvellously painted piece of tapestry bearing the Howard and Audley arms. Since they were separated, the portrait of the Duchess has acquired, probably by varnish, a deeper tone than its companion. It belongs to Lord Braybrook. The lady was the daughter and heiress of Lord Chancellor Audley, and married, first, a brother of the ill-fated Lord Guildford Dudley. Her second husband, the Duke, was equally ill-fated, as he was beheaded for a treasonable design to marry Mary, Queen of Scots. The portrait of the Duke is lent by Lord Westmorland. By a piece of extraordinary stupidity on the part of the hangers, these two pictures are separated by a wholly incongruous portrait of "Alva," by Antonio More, and all three suffer in consequence. Two other Mores are in the same gallery. The extremely pleasing pair of "Children," lent by Lord Powerscourt, probably represents two little princesses. Their plump healthy faces contrast with their elaborate and stiff costumes. The portrait of Queen Mary, from Castle Howard, represents her unpleasing features to the best advantage; the necklaces and pendants should be copied by a modern jeweller. A similar splendour of ornament is on a small picture lent by the National Gallery of Ireland. This is the portrait of a fair fat German *frau*, "Margaret Knoblauchin," by Hans Asper, a very rare artist, who should, perhaps, be described as Swiss rather than German. Another rare artist is Wolfgang Hauber, whose portrait of "Anthony Hundertpfundt" comes from the same collection. Is there any authority for calling Lord Normanton's beautiful Penni a "Portrait of Lady Jane Grey"? Strange to say Waagen attributed it to Holbein, but he also objected to the name. It is impossible to believe that Holbein ever drew such shoulders. We must pass by a large Murillo, a small and inferior but apparently genuine Titian, a large Francia, and turn to the English pictures on the south wall. The finest of these, "Squire Hilliard," by Gainsborough, we have mentioned already. On either side of it is a first-rate Turner, "Old London Bridge," and "The Burning of the Houses of Parliament," sketched from near the eastern end of old Westminster Bridge. The two pictures both in subject and size form admirable pendants. The first is lent by Mr. Bolckow, the second by Mr. Gaskell. Two very fine Reynolds portraits are on the same wall with several others of inferior interest. "The Duchess of Ancaster" is lent by Mr. Stephen Tucker (does the Royal Academy ignore his title of Somerset Herald?), and represents the lady so often mentioned by Mme. d'Arblay. The portrait of "Mrs. Musters as Hebe" is disappointing. There is too much red in the picture for harmony, and the whole idea and design are too theatrical for the present day. There used, not thirty years ago, to be a "Table of Heathen Gods and Goddesses" in every almanac, but the present generation will probably conclude on seeing this picture that Hebe was a handsome young lady who kept falcons. Hogarth's "Southwark Fair" is a wonderful piece of work, and will give the visitor half a day's labour if he tries to unravel the whole composition. It is lent by the trustees of the young Duke of Newcastle. Van Dyck's fine portrait of the "Duchess of Buckingham and her Three Children" is from Blenheim. The two boys are represented in an incomparably finer picture in the Music Room at Cobham Hall, in Kent.

The Second Gallery contains some fair Dutch pictures, among which a Rembrandt lent by Mr. Tucker should be carefully examined. It represents, almost in a monochrome of brown, "Tobit and the Angel." "The Sick Lady," by Jan Steen, is one of three or four pictures of a physician's visit, by various artists. For the rest we may name an Ochterveldt, a dark forest scene by Van der Neer, some flower pieces, and an admirable Cuyp lent by the Queen. Passing out into the First Gallery, we come to some more Sir Joshua. The finest by far—indeed the finest of this master in the exhibition—is the portrait of Lady Rothes, the wife of Bennet Langton, the friend of Dr. Johnson. The lady stands with her left hand extended, costumed in the robes of a peeress, and is most dignified, and even imperious. The portrait of Langton himself is far from being as fine. James Ward's "Lioness," crushing a crane with her left paw, in a landscape so wildly mountainous that it looks like the sea, completely kills a dead lion, by Landseer, entitled the "Fallen Monarch," which hangs directly opposite. There are several Gainsboroughs, Romney's, Morlands, and other works by well-known artists; but we have probably noticed enough.

At the Grosvenor Gallery great interest has been excited by an exhibition of the works of Richard Doyle. Many of them are of a character so grotesque as to defy criticism. There was also a certain weakness in the sketches of the later period of the artist's life. But every one is interested to see early sketches from *Punch* and the very beautiful and very comic pictures in which Doyle so cleverly satirized the "great Gothic revival." Some of these last, for colour, delicacy, and picturesque effect, might be cuttings from an illuminated manuscript, while they have a humour and generally pervading funniness wholly modern and peculiar. A proof impression of the title-page of *Punch*, without letterpress, makes the modern collectors of woodcuts envious, and there are also some early, and apparently alternative, designs which were not engraved.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

A MORE disadvantageous position in point of time and of famous contemporaries has perhaps seldom fallen to the lot of a composer than that in which Schumann found himself at the outset of his career. On the one side the dazzling personality of Mendelssohn, a very embodiment of charm, of learning, and of ready-made success; on the other, the more subtle but scarcely less fascinating genius of Chopin, whose superlative qualities as a virtuoso were enough to command respect for his amazing originality and innovations. The memories of Beethoven, Schubert, and Weber overshadowed him; the indomitable energy of Wagner was forcing its way almost in his footsteps. These were conditions to discourage any but a man conscious of his own necessity, and certain of his chosen course. Not only, however, did Schumann justify his own courage, but he has earned the gratitude of the world of music by being the first to welcome the genius of Johannes Brahms, and by himself supplying the link which connects our greatest living composer with the classical masters. This, too, he accomplished without any striking personal attractions to assist him, with his powers as a virtuoso irretrievably injured; hindered at the outset by the grave drawback of an imperfect musical education, and by the waywardness of a mind so poetically imaginative as to be more than usually resentful of dry but wholesome theory. Nor does Schumann seem to have been naturally endowed with that spontaneous facility which in Schubert almost took the form of hard-earned learning, and certainly, as far as the actual workmanship and manipulation of his ideas were concerned, rendered the technical mastery of theory superfluous, though it undoubtedly injured his sense of proportion. The facility, it is true, came to Schumann later in life, but it is not difficult to trace the influence of the one great composer native to Vienna, whose genius and charm came home to Schumann, as it did later to the world, with all the force of an unexpected revelation. May it not have been the very sense of his own position, in the eyes of the world at that time overpowered by the influence of Mendelssohn, which fanned the flame of his affection for Schubert, himself the victim of the all-engrossing genius of Beethoven? However that may be, we have at any rate to thank his enthusiasm for the revelation of Schubert's genius, and for the beginning of the systematic excavation of his manuscripts which has been carried out so far (perhaps a little too far) in our own day.

In considering, and as far as possible classifying, Schumann's compositions, we are chiefly tempted to dwell on the four works in different departments which are more or less the landmarks of his position as a creative artist. They are the Pianoforte Fantasia in C major (Op. 17), the D minor Symphony, the third part of the music to *Faust*, and the opera *Genoveva*. The first of these, though perhaps not as faultless in point of structure as it might be, and somewhat too orchestral in its treatment of the pianoforte to satisfy purists, still remains the most daring move in the direction of passionate romance, tempered by due respect for form, which has been made since the last sonatas of Beethoven. We are inclined to claim for it the highest position since the Opus 111 A of Beethoven. No work of anything like equal force appeared in the interval between the years of grace 1822 and 1836, which saw the births of these two works so widely different in idea and so unique in the literature of the piano; to name any work written purely for that instrument which has appeared since that date with a tinge of its influence, imaginativeness, and independence would puzzle even the blindest admirer of Liszt. The Symphony in D minor, on the other hand, comes more under the head of an experiment—an experiment bold enough in conception, but justified, as far as its own fate is concerned, by success. Here again we have a work which has had no worthy successors in its own line. The symphonies of Brahms, it is true, are better orchestrated, more solid, perhaps, and more perfectly constructed on their own lines; but Brahms has gone back to Beethoven for his model, and the fourth Symphony of Schumann remains a solitary specimen of its own kind, albeit a pure classic. Its peculiarities, briefly speaking, are twofold; a unity of all four movements both in form and idea ("in einem Satze," as he himself described it), and the use of a single short sharp rhythmical phrase as the centre pivot of the whole. In this latter respect it may be characterized as the furthest point yet attained in the symphony on the rhythmical basis, first suggested by Beethoven's C minor and Pastoral Symphonies, and first established in his seventh Symphony in A. Whether or not the D minor Symphony has famous successors on its own lines, it will remain an enduring monument to its author's powerful originality.

In the scenes from *Faust* we meet with Schumann in his most poetical, most philosophical, and most unequal moods. But this last characteristic may be confined to the first and second parts of the work. Taking the third part as a separate composition, as indeed it was, we may unhesitatingly accept the dictum of Schumann's latest biographer, that it is the composer's masterpiece. When we consider that it was composed in 1848, it appears simply marvellous as a specimen of what must then have been "music of the future," now happily of the present. The purity of its style, the absence of all straining after effect, and the admirable grasp of the poet's intention continue to make it one of the most important classics of the century. In the criticism and appreciation of the opera *Genoveva* few musicians or critics have quite hit the mark. The reason, however, may not be far to seek; they have probably never seen it on the stage. In the first place, the character of Golo is

frequently described as too infamous to enlist sympathy. Such a point of view would be only justified by condemning the play of *Hamlet* because the King is an illimitable scoundrel, or of *Othello* because Iago is a villain. Golo is, in fact, the villain of the piece. But his actual crime proceeds from a sudden impulse—too sudden, perhaps, for a theatre-audience to grasp—and, therefore, his first song has been wrongly condemned as dramatically false. A distinct blot on the effectiveness of the piece, however, is the lack of a scene of retribution between the husband and the traitor. But this is accounted for by a trait of tender-heartedness in Schumann, which was as great a testimony to his character as it was destructive (dramatically speaking) to his plot. We will not go the length of many critics in saying that *Genoveva* must live by its musical beauty alone. There is far too much genuine human interest of the deeper and purer kind, too much of that extraordinary power of depicting the love of husband and wife which is so characteristic of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, to allow the work to be forgotten, even upon its dramatic merits. Its real fault is a dread of over-done effect, a morbid fear of the least approach to the faults he saw and censured so severely in Meyerbeer; and the result has been detrimental to the effect of the situations at the fall of the curtain—a shortcoming less easily condoned by the public than by the musician. But its brighter qualities, and its many points of marvellous dramatic power, are too readily passed over by musicians who are only acquainted with the pianoforte score; chief among them the passage, almost heart-rending in its effect and yet produced by the very simplest means, where Siegfried receives from Golo the lying letter which tells the dishonour of his wife. The entry of Margarethe, in Act I, and her sudden appearance in the *finale* of Act II., are scarcely less powerful; and the song of the two retainers at the commencement of the last act is a masterpiece of subtlety and weirdness. In considering *Genoveva* as a whole, and as a landmark in the history of the opera, it must be remembered that it was written in 1847, and is, therefore, practically a contemporary of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and that it was produced on the stage before *Lohengrin* saw the light. We do not hesitate to assert that it may, as far as dramatic principles go, be classed certainly not below those two works as a pioneer in the direction of the modern opera. As compared with them, it suffers in point of dramatic power, but bears the palm in musicianship, in purity, and in the absence of monotony. As far as "continuous melody" is concerned, it goes further than either of Wagner's works, a certain degree further than *Tannhäuser*, and a great deal further than *Lohengrin*. Of recitative there is but little, and when it does occur it is nearly always merged in the *arioso* form, which Wagner subsequently carried to such perfection in the *Meistersinger*. More than this, it has had its effect on the history of the operatic stage by being the direct ancestor of the only German opera of our day, not written by Wagner, which has achieved a really musical and dramatic success, Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*. In spite of the groans of the purists and the anathemas of the Wagnerites, the day will yet come which will see *Genoveva* in its proper place upon the German stage beside *Fidelio* and the *Meistersinger*.

Passing to the consideration of Schumann's position as a critic, we may without fear of contradiction point to him as the pattern of what a musical censor *morum* should be. The abolition of all meretricious effect, the encouragement of true artists, old or young, weak or strong, such was the religion of his pen. A bright spot indeed in the chequered history of criticism—an example which might well have incited to better ways and nobler methods the bulk of

Irresponsible, indolent reviewers.

But the good seed has mostly fallen, we fear, on very thorny ground; and we need not go far to see some startling specimens of the reverse of Schumann's principles of criticism; if, indeed, such a term can be applied to the trash which disgraced the pages of English newspapers of his time. It is, perhaps, natural that a few of the successors of these would-be savants who have lately been exposed so mercilessly should resent any such publication of the almost penal follies of their kind. "Robert Schumann has had his innings, and been bowled out—like Richard Wagner." The umpire, however, has decided that the bowler sent a no-ball at both those famous wickets; and it was merely an ocular delusion, which we trust for his sake was but temporary, which made him for a moment imagine that his underhand slows had dismissed the players. "Pompous swagger," "affectation," "disdain of form," "the gaspings of a dying fish," such are the pleasing epithets with which these masters of all that pertaineth to the theory and practice of the art strove to belabour Schumann and his work. Fortunately he cared nothing for the storm. Even if he had lived to see the frantic attempts made to exterminate him and his work, he would have disdained such impotent attacks. Like most great men, he knew the path which lay before him, and turned not to right or left, either to gain a friend or to appease a foe. His career as composer and as critic may indeed be taken as the best example possible to our younger men. Modesty and appreciativeness, such were his salient qualities. We fear they are rare. Too much of the musical criticism of the present day has the fatal tendency to worship commercial success and to decry serious work; to discover in ephemeral and second-rate productions all the qualities that can force them down the throats of the willing or unwilling public; but in the works of more solid merit to seek only that which they can ridicule or censure with an assumption of learning, which imposes upon the public, however transparent it may be to the artist. Men who have

not mastered the rudiments of musical grammar, nor indeed of the English language, hope by an occasional quotation from a harmony primer, or by a judicious admixture of impertinent personalities, to conceal their ignorance of the one and their murder of the other. Truly, as Shelley so powerfully wrote, "These wretched men know not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned shaft lights on a heart made callous by many blows, or one composed of more penetrable stuff. . . . Miserable man, you, one of the meanest, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. Nor shall it be your excuse that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers, but used none."

Hard words, but now universally held to have been amply deserved; and yet they were used to repel an attack which was mild in its language beside those which assailed one of the great composers of the world. The lesson is an obvious one; we trust almost against hope that the moral of it will be read, marked, and digested, and that a day may yet dawn which will see the musical criticism of this country on a sound literary footing, worthy alike of the art and of the artists whose merits it has to weigh.

HENGLER'S CIRCUS.

OF the sustained popularity of this kind of entertainment there could be no stronger evidence than that presented by the large and appreciative audience which nightly gathers in the beautifully decorated building in Argyll Street. For its constructive adaptiveness the designer of Hengler's Circus deserves very high praise indeed. This as yet can hardly be accorded in the fullest measure to those who are responsible for the entertainment itself. The few fine parts cannot save the whole from being justly described as too much diluted and unsubstantial. The different performances are, however, well received, and general satisfaction must be felt at the whole tone of the entertainment. The first point of interest in the representation was the clever way in which the pony "Robin" recovered himself after becoming bewildered, and as it were "losing the page" in his lesson. To this succeeded "The Voltigeurs" and equestrian exhibitions by "Herr Alexander."

Over the dashing feats of Mr. G. Gilbert on a bare-backed horse, ended by his jumping clean over the animal, the house grows justly enthusiastic. The Modocs, for a very finished performance with Indian clubs, deserve a better reception than they get. A variety of military manoeuvres are well executed by what is called "L'Avant Garde des Chasseurs d'Afrique," under the command of Mr. Hengler. In the horizontal bar exercises of Messrs. Dezmonti, Morn, and Horton there was sterling merit. After a tame repetition of a great deal already seen, "The Trachene Horses" are introduced by M. Lorenz Wulff. It is very pleasant to watch these beautiful creatures as they execute a variety of movements with regimental precision, and in a manner so cheerful as to suggest that they have graduated under a system in which patience and kindness have been important elements. In the "fishing interlude" the Clown Whimsical Walker shows real ability. By simple gestures and varied facial movements he makes himself thoroughly understood, and succeeds in drawing very hearty approbation.

While on the subject of clowning we may add that the harlequinade in the pantomime at the Crystal Palace deserves a few more words than we have yet had an opportunity of giving to it. It is unluckily, as we have noted, "introduced without rhyme or reason"; but can we hope ever again to see the principals in the opening really "transformed"? Anyhow it is arranged by a true expert, one who knows what pantomime really should be—Mr. Yardley; and both in conception and in execution on the part of all concerned it is thoroughly in consonance with the true spirit and tradition of art.

IMPRESSIONS OF SEALS.

THE education of what are called the lower animals is certainly making progress. Learned pigs, conversational parrots, facetious donkeys, canaries who delight to make-believe that they are dead and spring up again with increased enjoyment, humorous dogs, and satirical elephants are familiar to all who care to observe the intelligence shown by what somebody has termed "our poor relations." Till lately the seal has generally escaped the pains and pleasures of education. He has been valued commercially for his skin, and admired sentimentally for the pathetic eye with which he rivals the gazelle. But the depths of his genius have not hitherto been disclosed. There are now at the Westminster Aquarium several of these pretty and curious animals, whose feats show an intelligence and a capacity for being amusing and companionable which is well worth notice. They ring bells, they play sundry musical instruments, including a drum and banjo, and they sing not more out of tune than the Salvation Army. The sense of music which seals possess has long been known, and all their performances at the Westminster Aquarium are accompanied by a piano. They will take a pipe and smoke it with all the complacency of a country rector at his own fireside. At the word of command they will climb up a sloping flight of steps and take a headlong plunge into the tank below. They are trained to play tricks on one another. One will pretend to be a baby, and will crawl into a basket; and, as soon as he is comfortably settled, another will come up and knock him, basket and all, into the water. When a little

boat, with two or three children in it, is set afloat, one or two of the seals will be yoked in front of it, and will draw it and its cargo round the pool. A doll nearly as large as themselves, representing a drowning man, will be given to them, and they will swim round with it, remaining themselves underneath, but holding the head of the figure above water all the time. They will fetch, carry, and retrieve as well as any dog, bringing back with equal ease a stick thrown into the tank or a heavy block of wood. They fire off guns and pistols, and in one case we noted especially that the six barrels of the revolver were discharged with regular precision. Their successful achievements are rewarded with fish to eat; and with the seals, as with other animals trained to perform feats, it is found that kindness is the best school. They are so well educated that one of the tasks which the seal has to fulfil is to swim after a live fish thrown into the water and bring it back to his master unharmed. Had we been the seal we might have done otherwise; and we might as eyewitnesses have had our doubts as to the possibility of the fact here recorded had it not been for other performances in which there was no opportunity for legerdemain on the part of the showman. The most curious experiment of all was the "Christian Martyr." The seal, enveloped in a red garment, dived into the tank, and, after struggling in the water for one or two minutes, turned round on his back and feigned to give up the ghost. When he came again to the surface, he must certainly have enjoyed the applause with which he was greeted. A waltz was performed in the water by one of the animals to the tune of a cracked piano, which showed that they had more than a rudimentary sense of music. Perhaps if the music had been better the seals would have danced with more agility. One of the prettiest of the performances was that of a seal imitating Captain Boyton crossing the Channel. The creature lay on its back with a flag and a sail in its fins, and quietly sailed round the water. The show is well worth a visit.

"THE ILLS OF GREECE."

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY.)

THE ills of Greece! the ills of Greece!

That last of nations, once the first;

Victim of snubs in war and peace,

I sing the latest and the worst;

That shameful, abject, base affair

At Athens—Constitution Square.

The Square looks not on Marathon,

Though Marathon looks on the sea;

Which latter fact I look upon

As quite enough to warrant me

In heightening my poetic tone

With a quotation little known.

And I will further add, in such

An awkward situation lies

This Square that, howsoever much

You crane your neck and strain your eyes,

You *can't* contrive to get, I wis,

A glimpse of "sea-born Salamis."

Maybe it was her King's offence

To make Greece eat such humble pie

In—by pure luck—a square from whence

You cannot Marathon desery:

Should blame on him be rightly laid,

Consider all I say unsaid.

But if our Government it were

Who shamed her in a square like this,

Which might, for all that they would care,

Command a view of Salamis;

Then, to relieve my burdened breast,

I must indignantly protest.

I know the Athenian pliceman well—

He has his failings like our own;

But no Hellenic constable

Ever to me has rudeness shown.

Still, take it if you like, that one

Insulted Mr. Nicholson.

Why not obtain the prompt discharge

Of that bad man and end the case?

Why shame and humble Greece at large

Thus vilely in a public place,

Heedless of what may be or not

Distinguishable from the spot?

By Marathon and Salamis,

And "Scian muse" and "Samian wine,"

The Pnyx and the Acropolis,

And "old Anacreon's song divine,"

By "Suli's rock and Parga's shore,"

And babes that "Doric mothers bore"—

By all, in fact, that I just now

Can recollect of Byron's song,

I solemnly declare and vow

I hold it wholly base and wrong

To visit on the head of Greece

The blunders of the Greek police.

REVIEWS.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.*

WE will not dwell upon the extreme want which has long been felt of a good biographical dictionary, because everybody is aware of the fact; and everybody therefore will welcome an instalment of a work which is to supply that want. Of dictionaries it is perhaps rash to speak until they are—not dead, but finished; for, like cathedrals, they are liable to remain as splendid fragments. Fifty volumes are contemplated as the extent of Mr. Leslie Stephen's great undertaking; let us hope that we may all live to see them. In the meanwhile, even as Dr. Murray's *Littre anglais* gives solace to those who want to know the history of any word between A and Ant, so will the *Dictionary of National Biography* profit those whose subject of inquiry lies between Abbadie and Anne. We miss our old friends the sainted Aaron-and-Julius, who lead off the *Biographia Britannica* of 1778. It is true that they had very little history, and that that little was doubtful; but as they were supposed to be of British birth, they at least saved the national biography from beginning with a man who was admittedly born near Pau. Not that any one would wish to apply a rigid test of birth. Kings and queens, "and that sort of people," always belong to the land in which they or their house reign; nor could any one propose an edict of exclusion against non-royal foreigners, when it is remembered that it would keep out such as Archbishop Anselm, Earl Simon of Montfort, and Fletcher of Madeley. On the other hand, birth within the bounds of the United Kingdom must be held to qualify a man for admission, even though his life, or the best part of it, belongs to the history of other lands. Pope Adrian IV. of course finds a place; so does Ealhwin of York under his name of Alcuin; so does the Jesuit missionary to Brazil, Father Almeida, under which name is concealed the identity of John Mead, a Londoner born; and so in due time, we presume, will St. Boniface, Sir John Hawkwood, Baron Ward, and all other illustrious emigrants.

To criticize to any purpose such a work as this is scarcely possible till it has undergone the test of time; for the usefulness of a book of reference will always mainly depend upon the accuracy of its treatment of obscure subjects, where all but a few specialists must take its statements on trust. The essays on Addison, Ælfred, Anne Boleyn, and other people of mark, to which most readers will turn, and on which they usually have had means of forming an opinion, are, from the practical point of view, hardly as important as the accounts of comparatively inconspicuous men, whose history has in most instances been scraped together, so to speak, from out-of-the-way places, where few are likely to search for themselves. Glancing over the pages, we can at least see how many and various petty celebrities have been gathered into the net. There are Abershaw or Avershaw, Louis Jeremiah, whom mortals call Jerry Abershaw the highwayman; Adam, Jean, the reputed authoress of "There's nae luck about the house"; Ady, Joseph, he who always knew of "something to your advantage"; Aikenhead, Thomas, the unhappy lad who, in spite of his recantation, was hanged near Edinburgh for the expression of blasphemous opinions; and Aitken, James, the incendiary commonly called "John the Painter." There are Allardice, Robert Barclay, well known as Captain Barclay of pedestrian fame; Allingham, John Till, the playwright, who invented a flying-machine wherewith he succeeded in "fluttering about his rooms like a dabchick," and who "further distinguished himself by fighting a duel in a turnip-field with one of his critics"; Anderson, John Henry, "the Wizard of the North"; Andrew, Thomas, who served in the Low-Country wars at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and wrote, for the confusion of a lady unknown, a poem called "The Unmasking of a Feminine Machiavell," which "could never have interested any but a few private friends, and is now rarely found even in the libraries of collectors." There is a spice of romance and mystery about this cavalier of fortune and his feminine maligner, which makes him a trifle more interesting than such a particle of the literary stardust as Abdy, Maria, who contributed to magazines and annuals, and printed eight series of her poems for private circulation. The biographer, while he was about it, might as well have told us of what the poetess sang, whether of war, or love, or religion, or wine, or babies, or whatever other theme may besit the lyre.

An excellent feature is the care and fulness with which authorities are cited, not only in the text, but in a list at the end of each article. In some cases, as, for example, in that of Mr. Amos, "Personal information," or "Personal reminiscences," appear as the authority. To enter upon a few points of detail, it would have been well to avoid such a contraction as S.D.U.K., which is likely to perplex foreigners, and even English-speaking readers beyond the four seas—for a work like this may claim to be to some degree of international interest. There should also be a stern prohibition of such formulas as "described by a recent military historian"—"his character has been elsewhere described." In a few years the "recent historian" becomes the most vague and irritating of references. And on what conceivable principle have the Ælf-names—Ælfred, Ælfifu, and the like—been inserted with Æ, while for Æthelstan we are referred to

Æthelstan, and for all other Æthel-names to Ethel? We observe that there is no promise of an article on Ælfifu-Emma, though she is mentioned in one place by her double name and in another by her original name of Emma only, under which she ought to have a notice, with a cross-reference from Ælfifu. The omission of St. Alban is remarkable, unless indeed the starting-point has been fixed at the English Conquest. Otherwise the Protomartyr of Britain seems as well entitled to a place as Ambrosius Aurelianus, "about whose history little that is certain can be extracted from the mass of legend that has gathered about his name." Still less can be said for Aio, a monk of Crowland, for whose existence the sole authority cited is that of the *Historia Ingulphi*, now treated by scholars as a forgery of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, but which the writer of the article appears to take for genuine. By the time the Dictionary arrives at In-, it is to be hoped that some researches will have been made into the distinction between the real Ingulf (of whom no genuine historical writings are extant) and the forger.

As a point of verbal criticism, exception may be taken to the way in which the term *catholic* appears to be employed by Mr. Tedder in his article on Acontius, a sixteenth-century theologian, who was also an engineer and of a few other callings beside. Concerning the *Stratagemata Satanae* of Acontius, the biographer writes:—"Orthodox divines have objected to the dangerously catholic spirit displayed in this book, and the writer has been styled Arian, Socinian, and even Deist." From these charges, of which the biographer admits that of Arianism, and from the mention almost in the next breath of "Acontius's heterodox religious opinions," it is evident that *catholic* is to be taken in its modern slang sense of "broad," latitudinarian, liberal, &c., which is quite out of place in dealing with sixteenth-century theology, or wherever technical accuracy is required. In historical writing, Orthodox and Catholic, when put in opposition, are the epithets respectively of the Eastern and the Western Churches; and theologically as well as historically, Catholic and Arian are incompatible. Turning to another contributor, it is hardly in good taste, nor does it convey any clear idea, to write that Alleine, author of the *Alarm to the Unconverted*, "carried on a work of evangelising after the old model of Galilee." The addition, "For this he was cast into prison, charged at sessions, fined and browbeaten and made to suffer," is claptrap unworthy of a serious historical work, from which one expects to learn in plain words what Alleine did, and wherein he contravened the law. But Dr. Grosart, the writer of this and other articles on kindred subjects, is too ready to gush over his favourite divines. We cannot tell whether the description, in inverted commas, of Henry Airay is originally due to Dr. Grosart himself or to some other writer; but whosoever it is, there is no excuse for reprinting such a rhapsody as this:—

Strong with the strength of a true manhood, but softened with the shyness of woman; full of all tender charities, but bold for the truth; of brain in matter all compact, and not unvisited by speculation, yet beautifully modest before "The World"; gifted with "large utterance" in thick-coming words, that catch sometimes a vanishing glow, as of the light sifting through opal clouds from the vision behind of Him who is at once their grand burden and informing spirit.

The most important of the editor's articles is that on Addison, which—except for the carelessly constructed phrase, "Boileau . . . discovered for the first time that Englishmen were not incompetent for poetry by a perusal of Addison's Latin verses"—is a pleasant piece of reading as well as a valuable biography, and worthy of imitation for its clearness and absence of verbiage. Amongst other interesting points, Mr. Stephen gives what appears to be the most authentic form of the story, which Miss Aikin rejected, and Macaulay accepted and defended, that Addison put an execution into Steele's house. Concentration of style is carried to a somewhat startling pitch in another of the editorial articles—that on Thomas Allen, a divine who exchanged a vicarage for a less valuable rectory:—

He married Dorothy Plowman, who, disliking the exchange of livings, murdered her infant son and cut her own throat, but recovered, and was tried and acquitted at the next assizes.

In the notice of another Allen (William), we are struck by the statement that "the Emperor Alexander was introduced to Allen as a model quaker." Mr. Stephen, no doubt, has studied the etiquette that prevails among Emperors and Quakers; but, according to the ordinary social rule (for which we may refer to the authority, amongst others, of Miss Austen—see her recently published letters), Allen should have been introduced to the Emperor. The article on Sir Archibald Alison, also by the editor, is marked by a not unpleasant current of quiet humour. Professor Creighton's name is a guaranty for the excellence of his article on the one English Pope, Adrian IV. This is the most important of his contributions, among which we may also call attention to that on the learned Franciscan, Adam de Marisco. The biography of Pope Adrian is followed by Mr. Gairdner's account of Adrian de Castello, sometime Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Cardinal of St. Chrysogonus, who has the credit of having survived poisoning by Cesar Borgia. Mr. Freeman's solitary contribution—the article on King Ælfred—is a valuable piece of historical criticism, though it is with regret that we see doubt cast upon the time-honoured story of the burnt cakes. His discussions upon the genuineness of Asser, upon the "hallowing" of Ælfred at Rome, upon the pretty tale of the book of poems, which is important as bearing upon the marriages of Æthelwulf, will be found of much interest; and the pages upon Ælfred's literary work

* *Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. I. Abbadie—Anne. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1885.

will be specially useful as giving a definite idea of the intellect of the great West-Saxon, who is too often regarded only as a shadowy and mythical ideal like King Arthur. The Edwards and Henries are yet to come; but there is already a fair company of royal personages, from Ælla the first Bretwalda down to the Prince Consort and the Princess Alice. Sir Theodore Martin's article on the Prince Consort is a panegyric, as was to be expected; but it need not have been so long-winded a panegyric—with laudations upon Stockmar into the bargain. Prince Albert deserves better things than to be eternally written about in this Court chronicler's style. Four Queens of the name of Anne—Bohemia, Nevill, Boleyn, and Cleves—fall to Mr. Gairdner. Of these, Anne Boleyn will doubtless excite the most interest. Those who have read the Prefaces to the State Papers will not find in it much to surprise them; but it may startle such as still cherish the sentimental view of Anne Boleyn, or believe in the tender conscience of Henry VIII. Mr. Friedmann's recent work has just come in time to be noticed in the list of authorities. The remaining Annes, consort and regnant, receive full treatment from Professor A. W. Ward, who also contributes the article on Alesius. Among the ecclesiastical biographies, Archbishop Abbot, by Mr. S. L. Lee; Bishop Andrewes, by Canon Overton; Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, by Canon Venables; and Cardinal Allen, by Mr. Thompson Cooper, are all of interest. So, in another way, is Mr. Holyoake's enthusiastic account of Allsop, ex-silkmercer, stockbroker, author, and "favourite disciple of Coleridge"; but it is difficult, under present circumstances, to warm towards philanthropists who are described as ordering—in all innocence, of course—the bombshells for use in a murder-plot. The sad history of Major André is well told by Mr. Garnett, except that towards its close there appears too obtrusive a desire to make out Washington extraordinarily praiseworthy for lacerating his private feelings by hanging André. Also in the list of authorities there should have been a reference to Sir Henry Clinton's MS. account (printed in the Appendix to Lord Mahon's History), especially as it contains Clinton's statement that he himself had in several instances yielded to Washington's intercession "even in favour of avowed spies."

Mr. Hunt deals with one modern man—the Prime Minister Addington—and a crowd of Old-English folk, among whom King Edwy's Elgiva (accurately, *Ælfgifu*, wife of Eadwig) may be mentioned for the care with which the growth of her legendary history is traced. But Mr. Hunt's chief service is in the disentangling and sorting out, so to speak, of the *Ælfrics*, lay and ecclesiastical. Concerning the latter, his conclusion is that *Ælfric Grammaticus*, Abbot of Eynsham, whose opposition to the doctrine of transubstantiation has made him a kind of pillar of the Reformed Church, was not identical with either of the archiepiscopal *Ælfrics*, whether of Canterbury or of York. One of the great uses of a Biographical Dictionary is in this setting straight of confusion among namesakes, for even if its conclusions are not always generally accepted, it is a gain to have the question clearly put before us. Thus Dr. Grosart marks off George Abbot the Roundhead, and Robert Abbot, another Puritan of earlier date, from any of the George and Robert Abbots connected with the Archbishop's family; and by combined labour some order is brought into the chaos of mediæval scholars and theologians named Adam and Alan or Alain.

We could find much more to say, and when we had said it, we should not have gone through any one class of subjects. Such a work as this, dealing with "all sorts and conditions of men," and carried out by a little army of contributors, many of them recognized authorities on their special subjects, requires another army of critics and readers to exhaust its interest and pass judgment upon it. We conclude with an expression of hope for its speedy continuance and completion, and of gratitude to the publishers for having printed the present instalment in a volume of manageable size and shape.

MRS. CALDERWOOD'S LETTERS.*

ALTHOUGH these letters have been in print for some forty years, they cannot be said to have been available to the general reader. They were printed by the Maitland Club for private circulation, and copies may probably be found in public libraries by those who know how to hunt for them, and in the collections of bibliomaniacs. Colonel Fergusson, whose notice of *Henry Erskine and his Kinsfolk* has been very favourably received, is entitled to the thanks of all those who, in an age of post-cards, had handwriting, and hasty generalizations, love to read of toilsome journeys told at length, and obsolete manners and customs hit off by a racy and vigorous pen. Mrs. Calderwood in the middle of the last century was connected with the families of Erskine, Dalrymple, Steuart, and others well known in Scottish legal and social circles. Her great-grandfather, Sir James Steuart, the Provost, was a stout Presbyterian with nothing fanatical or extreme in his views, and, like many other moderates, was acceptable to neither party. His son bought the estate of Coltness and became Lord Advocate, and his son, again, the third of the name, rose to be Solicitor-General and was the father of Margaret or Peggie Steuart, who wrote these letters. At the age of twenty she married Mr. Calderwood of Polton, son of a Scotch judge who

had taken his legal title from his estate. By the marriage of her sister Agnes with David the eleventh Earl of Buchan, she became the aunt of Thomas Erskine the Chancellor, and Henry Erskine the poor man's defender and friend. Mrs. Calderwood appears to have been a person of a clear and vigorous intellect; a good housewife and mother; and the mistress of a very original and pungent style. Her spelling, no doubt, is not faultless, but the phrases are so well chosen, the epithets so appropriate, and the whole diction so full of animation and point, that we do not care to dwell on the want of capacity of her instructors and the defects in her education. Scott, Miss Ferrier, Dean Ramsay, Lord Cockburn, would all have been charmed with her, and she must have been so entirely in her place in good Scotch society that we could find fault with the inexorable fate which took her to Holland. A picture of Scotch society as it was, not sixty but one hundred and twenty years ago, from her pen would have been perfectly delightful to those who wonder how their ancestors dressed, lived, and talked. But as good or ill luck would have it, Mrs. Calderwood's brother Sir James Steuart, who had married Lady Frances Wemyss, got involved in the "affair of the Forty-five." When the Pretender arrived at Holyrood, Lady Frances was laid up with the small-pox at Edinburgh, and as this prevented her husband from retiring to his estate of Coltness, which was the politic thing to have done, he was compelled to embark for Holland, and he was subsequently excluded from the Bill of Indemnity, though he had not taken any decided part in the Scotch Rebellion. To Holland accordingly Mrs. Calderwood followed her brother, taking two sons and two servants with her; and, lastly, her husband—good, easy man—who appears to have had little voice in the matter. The letters begin with the departure of the family from Polton, and if we lose the descriptions of Scottish manners which might have given additional zest to *Rob Roy* and *Waverley*, we gain all the details of the land journey to London, the transit from Harwich to Rotterdam, and the inconveniences of housekeeping at Brussels and Spa.

The time spent on the great North Road to the capital was less than we should have thought possible. Leaving Polton on June 3rd the Calderwoods reached Hatfield on the 9th, and as we make out, London the next day, to the great astonishment of her host Lady Trelawney. But then they had relays of post-horses, and did seventy-five miles in one day from Bawtry to Stilton. Many things appear to have shocked or disappointed the authoress. Little boys played at ball on Sunday in the "piazzas" at Durham, for which in Scotland they would have been whipped. The stupidity of the post-boys was extreme. One man only knew the local squire as "Sir Carneby," without any surname at all. A chambermaid, Rachel, was about the only intelligent person on the line. The cattle, though abundant and of various colours, showed as little intelligence as the people, which was explained by the level character of the country. "An English cow does not see another spot than where she feeds," whereas on the Scotch hills "the cattell sees what is above and below." Then there was not sufficient variety in the scenery; a gentleman's house was no better than his tenant's, except for being smothered in trees; the churches were few, or "thin sown"; and, though the roads were good and horses were to be had in plenty, wages were too high in London and there were no manufactories in the country. London itself was rather paltry and disappointing. For news there was "a lie coined every day," which, if agreeable, was believed. There were cows and deer in Hyde Park. Vauxhall was a vulgar entertainment. The Guards looked "pretty," in the sense probably used by Evan Dhu to Waverley. Greenwich Hospital was a ridiculous fine thing. The celebrated Lady Coventry, one of the beautiful Gunninges, struck Mrs. Calderwood as a pert, supercilious hussy, with her hat pulled over her nose and painted over her very jawbones. Miss Pelham, daughter of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was but little better; and Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry and old Q., might as well have run away with a sheep. English meat was juicy but without taste; and the "salmond I would not meddle with, for it cut like cheese." In a very short time Mrs. Calderwood had had quite enough of the Londoners and their low spirits, which they called "hipacoudryick"; and she was glad to get off to Harwich, tasting some admirable cyder at Manningtree by the way. From Harwich she made a fair sea-journey to the Brill in spite of a thunderstorm, in company with a Presbyterian minister, two King's messengers, two young gentlemen setting out for the tour of Italy, a doctor, a Leeds merchant, and Marinassa the opera dancer. The landing was at Helvoetsluis, and thence in four hours they got by waggon to Rotterdam. The Dutch cleanliness, the Dutch horses, the canals, the dairies, the fresh butter not oversalted as in Scotland, the industry and solidity of the national character, are selected for praise. The only fault was that very few of the men looked like gentlemen, and the women were no better than housekeepers and chambermaids; while every one everywhere just looked the same. Shut your eyes, and they were "all so like." Mrs. Calderwood is not the first traveller who has been unable for some few days to distinguish between Alphonse and Pierre, between Amir Ali and Mir Jan, between Hans and Fritz, between Govindo and Gunga Ram. The cattle plague could not have been unknown in the last century, for "nobody chooses to eat beef in Holland at present, for the disease." Yet in the next sentence we are told that they kill the cattle, "and eating them does them no harm." The Hague seemed a pretty town. Mr. Brown, the landlord where they lodged, after two years' experience "had hardly got any Dutch."

* Letters and Journals of Mrs. Calderwood of Polton, from England, Holland, and the Low Countries, in 1756. Edited by Alexander Fergusson, Lieutenant-Colonel, Author of "Henry Erskine and his Kinsfolk." Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1884.

In the Highlands to this day a true Celt will tell you that "he has got no English." Mrs. Calderwood was shown the churches and the State's Chambers, three pictures for which an English peer had offered 20,000*l.*, stables so clean that you might have eaten off the floors, a coach which in London would have cost 300*l.*, gardens, statues, grottoes, and paintings on which Hollanders had expended from ten to twenty thousand pounds; and Schevening and its sand-hills, through which all the winter the sea threatened to break, to the inexpressible terror of the residents. From the Hague she went by Haarlem to Amsterdam, which reminded her of the description of Tyre by Ezekiel the prophet—"the riches of both East and West are daily pouring in." At this point Colonel Fergusson has judiciously omitted some fierce denunciations of papistry into which the author had been betrayed by her Presbyterian education, and by the treatment experienced by her grandfather. The *track-scoot* or *Treykschut* was a very lazy way of travelling. You could see little except reeds on each side of the canal, or boats laden with hay and peat and herbs, and men sleeping on the top of the hay. At Antwerp Mrs. Calderwood attended mass, at which the priest performed "divers antics and seemed very droll." She also visited a nunnery, and found that some of the inmates were Englishwomen, wearing hot uncomfortable dresses and veils which they were not allowed to lift. As she left, a procession went through the town to the shrine of the Virgin, and the author like others, was compelled to go down on her knees, which she thought "devilish hard," and which may account for some of the strong comments previously omitted by the editor. No one could explain at first what the procession was about. At last she discovered it was the first day of the *Kearmes* or *Kermes*, which every town celebrates with a procession. In spite of her antipathy to the Roman Catholics, Mrs. Calderwood approved of the "method of education for boys and girls." They were thoroughly taught, properly disciplined, and constantly supervised. Girls were not allowed to run about, "giddy, at their own hand," or "to go to public places," unless in charge of some one; and boys were "under a sort of monastic life, and under no temptation to vice or idleness." The town of Liège contained seventy convents and monasteries and fifty thousand beggars. It was also a place "where foul and cleven of all nations come." A visit to the Jesuits' College introduced her and her husband to one Father Blair, a Scotchman whose father had come away with James VII.; and to a Howard, who by his face did not seem to have "renounced the world and the flesh, whatever he might do the devil." Father Daniel was a Scotch pedant, who, if he had stuck to his own religion, might have been a member of the Presbytery at Dumfermline or a pastor; but as he was bred to be a smuggling merchant or packman, he changed his faith and chose a life of study and idleness among "the papists." Laymen were so quarrelsome a pack at Liège that duels took place every day, although the Jesuit fathers were prepared to excommunicate all spectators who did not go down to "rede the quarrel."

At Spa, also a pretty place, there were numerous English and Scotch families. Gambling at *faro* was very general, and one young gentleman had a travelling tutor and unlimited credit on his father. The tutor was so lucky as to win 100*l.* at Brussels, which at Spa he quickly converted into a loss of 4,000*l.*, winning back one half of this, giving a bill in Paris for the remainder, and then quietly leaving for Italy. But the young gentleman was sharp enough to write to his father to dishonour the bills. The gambling however painful, was less so than the sight of many gallant Englishmen obliged to seek service abroad on account of their religion when they were so much wanted at home. Spa was then as now famous for its jappaned toilet-boxes, beads, and necklaces. But at this point Mrs. Calderwood determined to go to Brussels and set up house there.

The last five chapters are mainly occupied with life at the Belgian capital. Mr. Calderwood, asserting his own views for once, wanted a furnished house. Mrs. Calderwood thought they had better stay for a while at the *oberge* called *Le Main D'or*—the knowledge of gender is deficient here—but in the end the husband's counsel prevailed; and after some hunting in divers unhealthy or unsuitable quarters, a large house was chosen in an elevated situation to which Scots folk could climb as naturally as goats. Here were grates which would burn coal, and though the walls were not papered, nor the rooms furnished, the rent was only 15*l.* a year or 191 guilders. Furniture was procured, a contract was signed with some difficulty as the lawyer and upholsterer did not understand French, and Mrs. Calderwood's acquaintance with this language was, as we have seen and as she admits, not profound. But the family settled down and lived comfortably in spite of the infinite variety of coins which has perplexed tourists before and since that date. The winter of 1756 seems to have been propitious. The water was good, the streets clean, and the great square seemed four times as big as the Parliament Close or square in Edinburgh. There were certainly too many begging orders and too many grand processions. Taxes to the Church were numerous, but living reasonable. Fowls, partridges, "pigeons," herrings, butter, all cheap and excellent. Candles were dipped not moulded, and we may remember that old Milnwood, in *Old Mortality*, according to Mrs. Alison Wilson, "spak something we could na mak out about a dipped candle being gude enough to see to dee wi'." Mrs. Calderwood's religious opinions did not prevent her visiting convents and seeing plays. She saw one called *The Mistakes* in one act, which consisted in "nothing but mistakes of messages and wrong delivery of letters." Then came a Chinese procession or masque, The

titles of the foreign nobility amused the writer. She had no patience with a peerage in which the daughters of a count were all countesses. They should be Countess Marie or Countess Anne, like Lady Fanny and Lady Jane. But it is impossible to compress into a review one quarter of this excellent Scotch lady's pithy remarks on men, manners, constitutions, politics, and house-keeping. Colonel Fergusson, whose notes and illustrations are characterized by remarkable accuracy and good taste, might turn his attention to Mrs. Calderwood's account of her management of her husband's estates on her return home. In a factorship of eight years she laid out 6,000*l.*, a large sum for those times, and raised the rental from 827*l.* to 1,258*l.* If her treatise mentioned by Colonel Fergusson, on management and agriculture, is anything like her journal, it must be worth perusal. We conclude a review of these travels by borrowing the author's own language, that "travelling may be an advantage to wise men and a loss to fools, and the weight of anybody's brain is well known when they are seen out of their own country. The proper use of it is to learn to set a just value on every country and the things they possess."

ANNALS OF THE FRENCH STAGE.*

THE principal fault to be found with Mr. Hawkins's interesting and useful book on the French stage is a fault of title. In a book which calls itself "*Annals of the French Stage from its Origin to the Death of Racine*," it must necessarily surprise the reader who knows the subject to find one chapter of thirty-four pages given to the mediæval drama, another of the same length devoted to the Pleiade period and the first quarter of the seventeenth century, and the rest (consisting of three hundred pages of the first volume and the whole of the second) allotted to the history of the stage from the appearance of Corneille to the death of Racine. Certainly the latter period is not overparted for its importance. But if the earlier was to be treated so rapidly, it would have been much better to call the book "*Annals of the French Stage from the Rise of Corneille to the Death of Racine*," which is what it really is. The two chapters might have made a very fair introduction to such a book, but it is an evident mistake to call them "*annals*" of a period of more than five hundred years, in parts very productive and suggesting many intricate and interesting questions. By his actual title Mr. Hawkins has exposed himself to criticism from any learned devotees of the mediæval and Renaissance stages, criticism which, both from the point of view of completeness and even from that of strict accuracy, he would have some difficulty in supporting. The account of the earliest period has some vagueness and irrelevance, the account of the *Jongleurs*, which seems to be *de rigueur* in most histories of French literature, having little or nothing to do with the drama, while no detailed analysis of any single mystery, miracle, *jeu*, or farce is given, though certainly such an analysis is not superfluous for Mr. Hawkins's probable readers. A larger acquaintance with the mysteries would, we think, have shown Mr. Hawkins that the theory of the superimposed stages cannot be universally true, and the abundant information now available might well have been drawn upon to supply more details and render more "factual" (as some writers say) a sketch which, though interesting and, as far as it goes, for the most part not erroneous, is at present decidedly thin and vague. The chapter on the Renaissance drama, though fuller of detail than its forerunner, suffers in the same way from the allowance of too little space for too great a matter; but it presents more evidence of knowledge at first hand, and we have no inclination to speak ill of it. In reference to Alexandre Hardy, Mr. Hawkins is in distinct advance of most of his French predecessors. We shall, however, refer no further to this early part, considering it, as in reality it is, a mere introduction to the author's proper subject, the history of the French regular drama in the time of its three greatest exponents in classical tragedy and in comedy.

From this point onwards Mr. Hawkins has a fair field before him, and occupies it systematically. His plan of putting off to the end a summary of the progress of play-writing and play-acting, together with all details as to the mechanical arrangement, the prices, the times, the properties, the costumes, the *mundus* generally of the theatre, is, considering the *annal* system which he has adopted, almost unavoidable. There may be more difference of opinion as to the rather artificial device to which he has resorted in giving this information—the device of taking the reader with him on a walk through the streets of Paris to the *Comédie Française* in 1689, and playing, as it were, the part of *cicerone* as to the things that are seen and the things that are not. Our picturesque historians and the reception they have met with are probably more to blame than Mr. Hawkins for the selection or borrowing of an artifice which certainly sacrifices precision to vivacity. But the main body of the book is not open to any objection of this sort. Beginning from the *début* of Corneille with *Médée*, Mr. Hawkins follows the history of the Parisian stage, having regard to his selected character of *annalist*, with the advantage of abundant and interesting material. His plan is not to take separate authors and deal with them individually, but to record the important productions of each year on the stage, pausing only when necessary to notice the antecedents of each new actor or dramatist of importance as he makes his appearance for the first

* *Annals of the French Stage from its Origin to the Death of Racine*. By Frederick Hawkins. London: Chapman & Hall.

time. Thus, for sixty years of brilliant literary production, the reader is carried, by no means unpleasantly and with frequent refreshment of anecdote, through successive stages—in the first of which Corneille brought the classical drama to its height, in the second of which Molière and Racine maintained it there, while in the third, after the death of the greatest of French comic writers, and during the singular abstinence of all but the greatest of French tragedians, their feeble successors let the style down to the pitiable condition in which the eighteenth century found it at its opening. In the case of the chief plays he mentions the more important parts, noting in brackets the names of the actors who took them. With regard to the masterpieces of the three great dramatists, he indulges in a little detail and sometimes in criticism. This latter is, on the whole, intelligent enough, so that, even where we happen to differ with Mr. Hawkins, it is not necessary to enter into controversy with him. On two points only we think that he is seriously wrong. We are entirely unable to agree that the *Cid* "would have gained in pathos and moral beauty, to say nothing of probability," if Corneille had sent the heroine to a nunnery instead of to the altar, like Lope in the *Estrella de Sevilla*. That would have been, as Diderot said in another matter, the *pont aux ânes*, the obvious resource of a dramatist who wanted to be tragic cheaply. Corneille knew that the Chimènes of real life consider, and not unwisely, that a live Rodrigue is worth several dead fathers; and, as he always had, and as Shakespeare had when he made Romeo forget Rosaline, he had the courage of his knowledge. Yet, again, we are sorry to find Mr. Hawkins following the multitude to see in *Tartufe* hydras and chimeras dire; "terrible pictures," "deepest mysteries," "awful secrets of the Cosmos," and so forth. We do not always agree with M. Coquelin, but beyond doubt he has done good service by recently recalling the public mind to the fact that *Tartufe* is a comedy, and that perhaps the greatest of all comedy-writers, in writing comedy, was certainly not likely to forget to aim at the comic. There is something peculiarly irritating to a well-balanced critical mind (Mr. Hawkins, we ought to say, is only very partially chargeable with this irritation) in the perpetual habit of making out that all great men and their works are something and somebody else, that Rabelais is an earnest apostle of education and freethinking, Shakespeare a determined opponent or a determined partisan of religion, and the like.

This, however, is a digression, and a digression not quite fair to Mr. Hawkins. His survey of his period—of the struggling group of tentative dramatists from which Corneille emerged, of the rough though jovial comedy which Scarron brought to perfection only to be succeeded and obliterated by Molière, of the triumphs of Corneille and Molière themselves; of the "Third Poet's tread," which with the *Thébaïde* surprised Corneille, if not Molière; of that extraordinary and almost unparalleled duel in which the elder tragedian fought so unequal and yet so gallant a fight against youth, Court influence, fashion and time; of the *Epigoni* in the last quarter of a century, with their one genius Regnard, and their numerous respectable talents all profiting by the lessons of the three great dramatists who preceded them—the survey, we say, of all this striking matter could hardly be uninteresting. The subject is a singularly attractive one, and Mr. Hawkins, according to his scheme, has treated it with evident pains and with considerable success. It would have been an improvement, we think, if he had found room for a somewhat minute analysis of special plays at different periods, that the reader might see how as tragedies *Sophonisbe*, *St. Genest*, *Cinna*, *Phèdre*, *Marius*, as comedies *Mélite*, *Don Japhet d'Arménie*, *Le Misanthrope*, *Le Joueur* differed from one another. We are not recommending these as individual instances, but taking examples at hazard of the different stages of the drama during the period. *En revanche*, he has compiled from the *Frères Parfait* a capital chronological table with the most famous pieces of each year noted.

It only remains to mention a few individual slips which are worth correcting when Mr. Hawkins has the opportunity. No one who has ever undertaken work of the kind is unaware of the difficulty of attaining absolute accuracy of writing and even of securing rigid faithfulness on the part of printers, and it is, therefore, part of the functions of the critic to act as a supernumerary and perhaps rather exacting "reader." We do not quite understand what is meant by "a forgotten volume of *Galantes* by the Abbé himself." *Galantes* what? "He proved especially popular as *médécins ridicules*, in which he would recite," is another phrase which must have escaped Mr. Hawkins's revision. By printing continuously the famous query and answer in *Médée* thus—

Que vous reste-t-il contre tant d'ennemis? Moi!

without any indication that the "Moi" is the reply of another speaker, Mr. Hawkins has run the risk of making those who have not read the play (and we venture to think that no very large number of Englishmen have read *Médée*), take it for a flat and unintelligible boast of the querist. It is a minor point that the correct reading is not "contre tant d'ennemis," but "dans un si grand revers." The hapless Madelon and Cathos do not "call their maid Almanzor," nor were they likely to do so, Almanzor being a man's name. The maid is Marotte; Almanzor is the page. "Several well-known *précieuses* such as Mdlle. Deshoulières [why, by the way, does Mr. Hawkins always use the barbarous Mdlle.?] Menage, Chapelain, and Ninon d'Enclos," is again awkward, for surely Menage and Chapelain were not feminine. *Lettres à une provinciale* is a curious and unfortunate

muddle. In accusing Marie Héricart, La Fontaine's wife, of shrewishness, Mr. Hawkins makes a charge against a much-tried, if also a much-favoured, person, for which there is no solid foundation that we know of, though, oddly enough, he keeps the balance true by accusing her husband of licentiousness in conduct as great as that of his *Contes* in language, an accusation for which there is as little warranty of scripture as for the other. On the whole, Mr. Hawkins is perhaps a little too much given to the acceptance of anecdote and of the flowery generalizations in which French literary historians are fond of indulging. He has also adopted the plan of hardly ever giving an authority or acknowledging an obligation to his predecessors. When he does, it is without exact reference. If for this he should plead that, written chronologically and not by authors, as his book is, full references to each page would have encumbered the book with a wilderness of footnotes, the plea, though plausible, would be hardly sufficient. For the ambition of a literary historian should always be, in part at least, to stimulate as well as to satisfy the appetite of his readers, and to put them in the way of finding ampler gratification.

FOUR NOVELS.*

IT is very common to complain of the ordinary three-volume novel as insipid. Little that is of interest to men and women, it is averred, can be found in the love-making of a heroine who is a mere child without passion and without experience. The public somehow seems to fancy that it is preserved from such lack of interest in the works of the new American school of analytical and subjective fiction—whatever that may be. But, in truth, may it not be equally dispiriting and insipid to follow the languid dissertations that unfold, in every intricacy of prosy detail, the slovenly amours of the American boarding-house? Surely America, with its strong free life, and with its thirty millions of country people, should be able to present forms of existence more generally interesting than those set out in *An Echo of Passion*. The story is as simple as possible, for it is not necessary with the subjective novel to devise anything but the crudest situation. Benjamin Fenn is a chemist who with his young wife is stopping at a boarding-house for the summer. He meets soon after they have arrived a certain beautiful widow, Mrs. Eulow. In his bachelor days he had known this lady as Miss Anice Evans, and had carried on with her what an unanalytical mind would call an ordinary flirtation, but which to the psychological anatomist is something much more subtle, and requires a great deal of writing about. When Mr. Fenn sees the widow, of course his old passion revives, as does hers. Mr. Fenn is of course very fond of his own wife, and she of him—indeed so much so that she forgets to be jealous, and the two women make great friends at once. It would be courting madness to try and abstract all the various gradations of love-making between Mr. Fenn and the widow, or to set out his perplexities as to whether when she squeezed his hand she meant it or did not mean it, and if she did mean it, what and how much she meant by it. It will be enough to say that Mr. Fenn and Mrs. Eulow, both being very good-hearted and respectable people, without exactly knowing, drift into very difficult and dangerous relations towards each other. The gentleman is perhaps the less slovenly and half-hearted of the two in the matter, yet even his attempt at an elopement does not get much beyond taking a ticket by the same train as the lady. The following is from a description of his feelings:—

Fenn took a peculiar and, as he thought, innocent pleasure in the idle fancy that he might be running away with this beautiful woman seated beside him. His secret impulse of yesterday, to escape with her into some distant recess of the mountains, had frightened him; but that did not assuage him at present, and as long as he was not really running away with her, what harm could it do to pretend to himself that he was? It was the essence of this new kind of love that he had invented to indulge such bright hallucinations. He flattered himself that he had plucked the most delicate flower of history in learning to cherish a passion without any of that fatal turmoil which in the earlier evolution of love caused so many clashing and tragical incidents.

In this frame of mind, to which that of the lover in the ordinary French novel is respectability itself, Mr. Fenn proceeds to Boston, and there makes a formal proposal of elopement which the lady reluctantly but firmly declines, and the two then return together to the boarding-house in the hills. Mr. Fenn is restored to the bosom of his family, and Mrs. Eulow goes back to her father's house. Then the flirtation begins again. It is needless to say that everything comes right in the end, though the author finds it necessary in the last chapter to introduce a small accident at a level crossing. Mr. Fenn goes on living with the wife he has so feebly tried to give up, and Mrs. Eulow takes to good works, and the novel closes with a meeting of all three characters "at a crowded evening reception" at New York. It will be perhaps only fair to give a more favourable quotation than that above to illustrate the author's manner of writing:—

Sanity, so long as it is not stolid, is deeper than insanity; and jealousy,

* *An Echo of Passion*. By George Parsons Lathrop. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1884.

My Friends and I. Edited by Julian Sturgis. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

Raymond's Attonement. From the German of E. Werner by Christina Tyrell. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1884.

Unmasked. A Novel. By Annabel Gray, Author of "Margaret Dunbar." "Twixt Shade and Shine," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1884.

fatal though it may be, is a disease which works in the surface region of the character. Ethel was not jealous. She did not even give way to hatred of the woman who she saw was drawing Benjamin Fenn farther and farther away from her. She had loved Mrs. Eulow from the first; they had soon learned to call one another Anice and Ethel, and the young wife felt that the widow was an enlarging influence upon her which she was glad to have. When she detected the growth of that attraction which was swaying Anice towards her husband, her intuitive justice and strong sense of mercy prevented any malignant change in regard for her new friend; it did not surprise her that Anice should love him. She loved him herself too bitterly well in the depths of her sweet and vigorous nature to be astonished; and, so far as it was possible, she forgave her.

Such writing is no doubt not without a certain cleverness. But is it in reality anything but the commonplace view of jealousy working in a self-controlled and unimpassioned nature? And even if it be admitted that the author of *An Echo of Passion* shows some limited amount of skill in his writing, is the way in which he has treated his situation really interesting? Surely the intent to be faithless which is absolutely entertained by the hero, though described without the passion of satisfaction, is morbid and unpleasant to the last degree. Before leaving *An Echo of Passion* we should like to point out yet once again that such purely analytical studies, as they are far easier to write than the true novel, so are they a far lower form of the narrative art.

My Friends and I is a delightful book with which to while away the dull hours of a railway journey. It is clear and light in style, full of humour and bright cynicism and amusing descriptions. But though it has these excellences, it is by no means a book with which a young author should be content to come before the public. Such thistledown sketches may be made effective if the author has even half Mr. Julian Sturgis's powers. The first of them, "Michael and I," recounts an incident in an Oxford reading party. Nothing could be more nicely discriminated than the humours of the various men and the old tutor, Mr. Stanley Betel, with whom they read. The party at the quiet seaside place they have chosen soon makes the acquaintance of a certain General Falconhurst and his only daughter. Now the two principal men of the party are Michael Horatio Belbin and George Effingham. Belbin is the strong man born to success, with a dash of the heroic, and not indisposed to show it; while Effingham, though really as true a man, affects the air of a person to whom all exertion, moral and physical, is abhorrent. Now Miss Falconhurst is a young lady of a great heart, and loves to hear of deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice. With these views Belbin sympathizes, and himself contrives to tell without swagging his own deeds of courage. At all such things Effingham sneers, and will not even harden his hands with lawn-tennis, and so there is an open war of words between him and Miss Falconhurst. At last the catastrophe comes; Effingham, out of a love of contradiction, goes out in a boat on the night of a dreadful storm. Miss Falconhurst fancies she has driven him to this rash act by her taunts. In that dreadful night she discovers that it is him she loves, not Belbin. Such is a rough outline of a very pretty little situation, which is so worked out as to make it seem almost new, old as it really is in its essentials. The description of the little old tutor starting with the youths on a boating expedition is too good not to be quoted:—

The reverend gentleman was drifting along like a withered leaf; it seemed as if he were driven forward by the book in his coat-tail pocket which was hanging against his calves, if calves they may be called. Truly we had seemed a strange party had there been any one to see us. But, save for a tramp or two, all that shore with its southern aspect was for us alone. The sun grew warmer and warmer, the air was fresh, but sweet and still; there was a bountiful quiet—a promise of plenty over all the land.

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," chanted Michael, and ever and anon he flung forth other fragments of that rich ode of Keats, seeming, as his habit is, careless whether there were fifty listeners or none.

So my comrades journeyed onward, glad of their strength and of the bountiful morning, until they came where was a broad gap in the low rocks, and shelving sand ran down into the sea. There a fisherman's boat had been drawn clear of the brine, and the heavy oars lay in her. Then Michael, like an Homeric warrior, tossed the pole from his shoulder and leapt down the sand. "Aboard!" he cried, and laid hold of the boat.

This has the true long-vacation ring in it, and is an example of Mr. Julian Sturgis's clear and graceful use of words.

"Lord Richard and I" is a very slight study of the pathos that surrounds a blind man's love, or rather of a man struck blind almost as soon as he has seen and loved. The last of the three studies, "My Poor Wife," is one of those attempts at morbid anatomy so dear to the modern novelist, but which are in truth not to be justified. Such studies of unpleasant characters are, no doubt, far easier to make than those of characters meant to please. Novelists can protect themselves, they feel, from exaggerating a villain, but how not to draw a prig and a saint is a much more difficult matter. We hope that this view may be brought home occasionally to writers of fiction, for it is to be feared that there is some danger of their imagining that in the dissection of what is morbid or disgusting they are obeying the dictates of art, and not performing a far less august feat—choosing the easiest way.

Raymond's Atonement differs in treatment very materially from the ordinary English novel. Superficially it resembles a romance. There are frowning castles, family curses, old peasants cherishing deadly wrongs, and priests with clouded brows, and, in fact, all the other incidents of romantic narrative. Yet the story is never really romantic in its development, but always stops short just in time to prevent the necessity of reliance upon any such machinery. This is the weakness of the story—the picturesque elements are merely stage accessories to a very commonplace love

affair. The scene opens in Venice, but there is no bravo. The hero lives in a castle on a frowning crag, but there is no secret stair communicating with a vast network of echoing vaults. The family solicitor is always appearing, but he never hints that he could hang one-half of the family and prove the other half illegitimate were his lips not sealed. Raymond von Werdenfels is the hero and Frau von Hertenstein the heroine. Paul von Werdenfels is the heir and nephew of Raymond, and tries in the first volume to be the hero and engage the affections of the heroine; but, on failing in this, with quiet unconcern contents himself with Lily, the sister of Frau von Hertenstein, a far less remarkable personage. Now, before the story begins, Raymond had loved Frau von Hertenstein, and how the priest Gregory had come between them, and what the crime was for which the hero has to seek atonement, our readers must be left to imagine or to find out. Perhaps they will feel somewhat disappointed in the result of their researches; but, at any rate, they will not be irritated by bad English, as too often in the case of translations. On this occasion the translator has performed her work very creditably. There is not very much vigour in the style, it is true; but that is probably the fault of the original. Some of the descriptions of the mountains in winter are good in their way, and correct in detail. The following may serve as a specimen:—

The meadow where the meeting had taken place lay high on the bold mountain slope, and commanded an extensive view of the snow-clad range. All round the ice-maiden had spread her pall. She had swept down the valley in that wild snowstorm which had ushered in the winter, and beneath her freezing breath all of Nature's life that had survived into the late autumn had perished. But at a wave from her sceptre a new world of fairylike loveliness had arisen—a magic realm such as the legends tell of, built up of sparkling crystals. In calm and spiritual beauty the white mountains stood, rearing their spotless crests to the cold clear sky above; and deep purple shadows filled the clefts and ravines, where the sun's rays never penetrated. The waterfalls, which at other times rushed foaming down to the valley below, now hung suspended from the rocky walls in showers of glittering icicles. The frost had seized on these cascades midway in their descent, fashioning strange rugged images, which studied the mountain-side like sparkling constellations, the steep crags and the dark forest gleamed with a like crystal splendour, and the whole scene glistened and shone as though unseen hands had been busy scattering far and wide the mystical treasures of the mountains.

The plot in *Unmasked* is of somewhat an intermittent nature. It comes by fits. There will be a dead level of many pages given up to irrelevant dialogues and wearisome descriptions and reflections, and then suddenly, without warning, will turn up an unsuspected half-sister to the hero, or a deed to prove the Baronet illegitimate and in wrongful possession of the estate.

At Moorgate, a dull, wealthy manufacturing town, dwelt a Baronet (how much more original had he been a Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire) whose name was Royston. The Baronet has a daughter Lily. There are two wooers—Stephen Kendal, who is a bold villain and appears to own a provincial theatre for his amusement; and Lancelot Wilford, described by his rival as "a shallow, fascinating society man, with the form and features of a Greek god." Lancelot's father is a lawyer, the family solicitor of the Roystons. That of them he knows something unpleasant we are told in the very beginning of the story. The development of the plot shows what a very unprofessional use he is willing to make of his knowledge.

The dialogue in *Unmasked* is not always without merit, and there is a certain amount of power in the touches of character; but these good qualities are not brought out to proper advantage, owing to the manner in which the plot is contrived. We do not wish to be hard upon the style of *Unmasked*, which is not otherwise than intelligible as a rule. But what could have induced the writer to make one of her characters say, "Finding a difficulty in expressing herself decently in English, I suppose, like a dull, half-educated novelist, she is going in for French terms." This might come from a purist who will not use even such a word as *naïve*; but it is a simply appalling piece of candour from a lady whose work bristles with phrases like "grand seigneur," "petits soupers," "bizarre," "chef d'œuvre," "un pied irrésistible," "dégagé," "grande dame," "sans cérémonie."

Perhaps it is unfair not to repay such frankness by silence; still the following quotation is almost irresistible as an illustration of the writer's love of French phraseology:—

So Lancelot was at this period only a drawing-room favourite, the *bien pensant* of boudoirs very much *à la mode*, but never a frequenter of gambling halls—a petted child of fortune; in short, a *flâneur*, with plenty of time hanging often heavily on his hands. He had a passion for music and the drama, but had no intrigues with any pretty *griottes* or *dansesuses* or insane cravings after any neighbour's wife.

A writer who attempts fiction, even though without the power of creating dramatic situations or analysing character, may do a good deal by painstaking and simple narration. The writer of *Unmasked* has certainly enough ability for this humbler task; and, could she once learn that novels are not to be written anyhow and about anything or nothing, she would probably produce something more worthy of serious consideration.

GRAY'S WORKS.*

IT is anything but creditable to English literature and scholarship that a complete edition of Gray's works should not have been produced for more than a century after his death. But we

* *The Works of Thomas Gray, in Prose and Verse.* Edited by Edmund Gosse. 4 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

might have been far worse off. That which has hitherto been done piecemeal for Gray's memory has also been in many respects ill done; and it is in no wise to be regretted that the ground was not occupied by Mason, or even by Mitford, to such an extent as to preclude the enterprise of a more conscientious and accurate editor. If the work is now done late, it is done thoroughly. We have as the result of Mr. Gosse's labour not only a complete edition, but the standard edition, of an English classic on whom the editor's best care and skill are well spent; which is more than can be said of the attempts elaborately made nowadays by divers indefatigable persons to revive the worship of this and that sort of *dii minorum gentium* in the heaven of letters whose altars are long since justly cold. The reader must be referred to Mr. Gosse's preface for the detailed account of what he found to do, and the principles on which he has done it. In particular, there exists a remarkable amount of MS. authority for the text of Gray's writings, both in poetry and prose; authority of great weight in every case, and conclusive, so far as it extends, as to that large proportion of them (including the whole of the letters) which was not published in Gray's lifetime. These materials had been strangely neglected, and Mr. Gosse's investigation of them has been rewarded by notable results. Unpublished matter of various degrees of interest was discovered; errors were corrected and omissions supplied; and Mason, Gray's trusted friend and first editor, was proved not merely to have tampered with the letters, but to have interpolated whole paragraphs containing imaginary compliments from Gray to himself. Nowadays we call this forgery; and Mr. Gosse cannot refrain from a sarcastic note on one passage where the real Gray mentions as a bit of gossip that Mason is "busy in modelling antique vases in clay." "An admirable employment for the arch-forgery," exclaims our editor: this being, we think, the one excursive note he has allowed himself. In all seriousness, Mr. Gosse's editorial additions are a pattern of what such matter ought to be. They are short, plain, and to the point, telling the nineteenth-century reader so much as he needs to know for the understanding of the text, neither less nor more. To complete the technical merits of this edition, it makes a very pretty book, and at the end of the last volume there is a full and exact index.

In the case of a writer whose position is not only classical but unique, and the sum of whose productions is not bulky, occasion does not arise to pronounce on the moot point whether it is an editor's business to print every fragment that can be found. There is so little of Gray when all is told that nothing which certainly came from his hand will be deemed superfluous. If the Latin verses of Gray's youth teach us nothing else, they are a not insignificant addition to the history of classical scholarship in England. We do not know that our voice would have been given beforehand for printing a volume of notes on Aristophanes and Plato not differing at first sight (for we confess we have not examined them closely) from what any diligent eighteenth-century scholar might be expected to write in his commonplace book. But Mr. Gosse has thought fit to be at the pains of publishing them, and it is not worth while to quarrel with his discretion. After all, it is but a drop more in the bibliography of Plato and Aristophanes. It is rather the disproportionate space covered by these exercises, as compared with the poems by which Gray lives, that makes one feel something incongruous in their presence. And the comparison serves one good purpose at any rate, that it keeps before the mind a thing hard to realize in its full singularity—how small in compass the immortal part of Gray really is. There are classical authors of whom we have less, but none who produced so little. "Half a dozen ballads in thirty pages" was Gray's own phrase. In this edition a hundred pages cover all that was published in his lifetime. And of these not more than forty contain the pieces on which his fame chiefly stands. The rest lives, indeed, as it fully deserves to live; but it is for scholars only, and without the Odes and the *Elegy* it would never have had the chance. Gray has been well called the scholar's poet; and we may go a step further and doubt whether it was not the *Elegy* alone that made him more than a scholar's poet. The Odes are artificial poetry of a very high order, exquisite in their kind, but hardly of a kind that appeals to the great world. In the *Elegy* we find a deep and genuine humanity, whose impression is rather enhanced than dulled by the exact severity of the form, and the reader who cannot admire as a scholar must yet feel something that comes home to him as a plain man. We do not intend, however, to discuss Gray's merit or limitations as a poet. More than one of our living poets has within the last few years considered his place in English letters, and there has been just enough divergence of view to give animation to the argument. Enough for us to note that what was an obstacle to Gray among his contemporaries has been his passport with posterity. He compelled his own age to accept him; but he was so much in advance of the age as to be accepted with some reluctance. The *Elegy* was on Wolfe's lips at Quebec; but the *Bard* remained enigmatic to Dr. Johnson.

Quebec, by the way, comes up in Gray's letters more than once, and in passages that vividly suggest the interests of the time. It is late in January 1760, but the details of Wolfe's victory are still the talk of the town. Gray is writing to Wharton:—"You ask after Quebec. Gen. Townsend says, it is much like Richmond Hill, and the river as fine (but bigger)"—a most necessary qualification!—"and the Vale as rich, as *riant*, and as well cultivated." It is worth remark how often Gray uses a French word where a careful writer of English, even in a familiar letter, would nowa-

days not think of it. *Eclaircissement*, in the sense of a personal explanation, he treats almost as naturalized. One would like to know whether he Anglicized it in pronunciation. To resume our letter, he goes on to Wharton with a paragraph of gossip about the savage manners of the Indian boy that has come home with General Townsend; how he loves raw venison, and one day after dinner was near scalping the General by pure misunderstanding. In later letters we hear of the French attempt at recapture, and anxieties as to its issue. Then at various times Frederick the Great moves across the background, Gray following his fortunes in the Seven Years' War with an admiration and sympathy that should have satisfied Carlyle. But when Frederick turns poet Gray's taste is inflexible. "The town are reading the K. of Prussia's poetry (*Le Philosophe sans souci*), and I have done like the town. They do not seem so sick of it as I am. It is all the scum of Voltaire and Bolingbroke, the *crambe recotta* of our worst Freethinkers, tossed up in German-French rhyme." It is true Gray so much hated Freethinkers that his opinion was hardly a judicial one where they were concerned. He could only just force himself to allow even literary merit to Rousseau, and he assumed (evidently without serious examination) that Hume's philosophy must be shallow. "I have always thought David Hume a pernicious writer, and believe he has done as much mischief here as he has in his own country."

Lighter gossip is not wanting in these letters for the student of eighteenth-century manners. He may read (along with the court-martial on Lord George Sackville for his behaviour at Minden, and the trial of Lord Ferrers for murder) of a very lame duel between the Duke of Bolton and Mr. Stuart. "What the quarrel was, I do not know; but they met near Marybone, and the D. in making a pass overreached himself, fell down, and hurt his knee. The other bid him get up, but he could not. Then he bid him ask his life, but he would not. So he let him alone, and that's all. Mr. Stuart was slightly wounded." A certain amount of University gossip runs through the letters from Cambridge; we should judge from it that Cambridge society was in those days exceedingly dull, and indeed Gray takes little pains to conceal that (beyond his few intimates) he found it so. "The women are few here, squeezey and formal, and little skilled in amusing themselves or other people." New statutes and married Fellows are changing all that—*dissentiente totis viribus* Dr. Burgon, but to the satisfaction of many men and all women. Gray relates with a certain wicked pleasure how one Dr. Chapman, evidently one of the standing bores, has killed himself with a surfeit of fish. "Did I tell you that our friend Chapman, a week before he died, eat five huge mackerel (fat and full of roe) at one dinner, which produced an indigestion; but on Trinity Sunday he finished himself with the best part of a large turbot, which he carried to his grave, poor man! he never held up his head after." It must have been a great piece of news in Cambridge, for Gray tells it thrice over to different correspondents. If we desire to hear of the pomps of London, there is a full and particular account of the coronation of George III.; a magnificent spectacle, but they had forgot the sword of State, and had to borrow the Lord Mayor's. "Fire was given to all the lustrates at once by trains of prepared flax that reached from one to the other," and thus Westminster Hall was illuminated in about half a minute, at the cost of some alarm caused by the dropping of the flax among the spectators.

Gray's genuine love of nature has often been remarked. We are not sure, however, that justice has been done him as regards the Alps. When he made the grand tour, he did not find the passage of Mont Cenis very pleasant—as how should it be in November?—and seems to have thought it positively dangerous. But he allowed that "it did not want its beauties." Walpole, on the other hand, was displeased altogether. "Such uncouth rocks and such uncomely inhabitants, my dear West, I hope I shall never see them again." Of literary criticism, except on Gray's own work or that of his correspondents, there is perhaps less than one would expect. After Mr. Swinburne's recent judgment, it is interesting to see what Gray thought of Collins's poetry when it was new. Collins is described to Wharton as having "a fine fancy, modelled upon the antique, a bad ear, great variety of words, and images with no choice at all"; which, even as an unconsidered opinion at the first impression, is certainly below Gray's usual level. The matters we have quoted are not new; but the want of a good edition has made Gray's letters less known than they deserve to be. We do not think it necessary to dwell on the pieces here published for the first time; but it is proper to call the special attention of Dante scholars to the translation from the thirty-third Canto of the *Inferno*, which rests on the authority of a MS. written by Mitford's hand (presumably from Gray's original), and now in the possession of Lord Houghton.

IN THE LENA DELTA.*

ONE of the Professors who temper the sweet reasonableness of Birmingham Liberalism with the wide and cultivated thoughtfulness of the lecture-room has lately proclaimed that war "is the dreamy delight of the Conservative class." If war be a kind of opium-eating, we presume that Arctic exploration is also an indulgence in narcotics. Mr. Melville's book *In the Lena Delta*

* *In the Lena Delta*. By G. W. Melville. London: Longmans & Co. 1885.

certainly proves that Polar expeditions supply enjoyments quite as dreamy as any that lotus-eaters like Sir Frederick Roberts or the late General Skrobelleff could command. In the Arctic circle a man, without firing a shot in anger, may endure prolonged agonies as bad as those of the wounded on the field of battle, and may encounter forms of death much more appalling than anything within the resources of military science. Why any sane man should risk himself among such horrors and perils as Mr. Melville has faced, and is eager to face again, it is difficult for home-dwelling citizens to imagine. Apparently mere danger and the joy of battle with snow and hunger still have charms for the brave; and, while they continue to attract, Arctic exploration will not cease to be, like war, the "dreamy delight" of persons who heed not Professors. Mr. Melville offers the usual apologies for his Arctic tastes, and points out the gain to science which will result from a successful expedition to the North Pole. But the real gain, we fancy, is to human nature. No scientific success that could possibly be achieved in the region of eternal frost is worth the sacrifice of lives like those of De Long and his gallant companions. But, perhaps, they have not died, and Mr. Melville and his comrades have not suffered, quite in vain. They have given new proofs of the invincible dauntlessness of human hearts, and have maintained, though on a forlorn and impossible quest, the standard of human courage and resolution.

The tale of the loss of the *Jeannette* has now been frequently told, and we do not intend to repeat a story which can never be read without the most poignant regret. As every one knows, the *Jeannette* was nipped in the ice and went down, while the crew, in two cutters and a whale-boat, made the best of its way to the Siberian coast. One of the cutters was commanded by De Long, the other by Mr. Chipp, the third by Mr. Melville. The narrative of Mr. Melville, always vivacious, begins to be of extraordinary interest when he tells of the gale in which the three boats were separated. The cutter under Mr. Chipp went down; De Long, less fortunate, reached an inhospitable coast, and he and all his men perished of hunger, except two whom he sent on the forlorn hope of finding a native settlement.

Mr. Melville tells in this work the exciting story of the escape of the party under his command. Unhappily we gather that, had a very simple and obvious expedient occurred to the authorities at home, the whole crew of the *Jeannette* might have escaped. Mr. Melville writes:—

Our existence had now become a mere question of provisions. Had there been a depot of eight or ten thousand pounds of pemmican on the New Siberian Islands we could have wintered there with comfort; and when I read all the plans for our succor suggested, while we were absent, by people who assumed to know that we were coming out by the way we did, I cannot help wondering why it was that some one did not propose such a depot with a guard to watch it. Yet, as in other things, our after-sight informed us of much that our foresight had overlooked.

Properly stationed deposits of provisions with sufficient guards are apparently the true key to the Polar problem, and by means of these Mr. Melville still hopes to accomplish his "Fool's Errand" and reach the Pole. It is pretty clear that Mr. Melville's real motive in Arctic enterprise is really that of the Alpine Clubman. He wants to "polish off" the North Pole. To return to the narrative of his adventures, it becomes most thrilling in the account of the gale which separated him from his companions. They sundered company thus, after Melville's boat had again and again been filled with icy water:—

After several of these mishaps, succeeded by vehement bailing with buckets and pans, and no little growling on the part of the crew, I perceived that we had drifted almost to within hail of De Long, who was gesticulating and shouting something to me altogether inaudible above the roar of the elements. Just then a monstrous sea came combing onward and deluged both of us, but chiefly the whale-boat, which nearly filled. It started me to my feet, and I shouted down the wind to De Long that I must run or swamp. He appeared to realize the peril of our situation at once; for the next instant, as the sea swept over and around us, he waved his arm in an energetic manner motioning me onward or from him, and at the same time hallooed some message which was lost in the noise of the gale. However, I felt that we understood each other; that if I would save my boat and crew I must run for it; that to lay alongside of De Long meant quick destruction; and that if either of the open and overladen boats should swamp or roll over, the other could not possibly rescue the unfortunate crew.

Melville was now compelled not to see any signals that might be made, and to consult as well as possible, on his own responsibility, for the safety of the souls entrusted to him. He saw the boat commanded by Chipp enveloped by an immense sea, he saw a man striving to free the sail where it had jammed against the mast; "she plunged again from view, and though wave after wave arose and fell, I saw nothing but the foam and seething white caps of the cold dark sea." Chipp's boat foundered there, and De Long and Melville drifted different ways to different havens—to life and death.

Melville's position was of the utmost gravity. His boat could not live in the sea without the aid of a "sea anchor," and so limited were his resources that he actually was compelled to weight it with the copper fire-pot for cooking. This device just served his turn, and the half-frozen crew had to keep bailing out successive waves of icy water that congealed upon their clothes. To add to the "dreamy delight" of such indulgence, there was already great scarcity of food. Melville served out small rations of pemmican, three-quarters of a pound a day. The men were also tortured by thirst; but Mr. Melville had accustomed himself to drink very little, and consequently suffered less than his companions. Finally land was sighted, and Melville

determined to make for one of the mouths of the Lena. At length they won the entrance of the river, and presently had at least fresh water enough for all their wants. The stream, however, was so low, so full of shoals, and so shallow that Melville soon gave up hope of making any way, and ordered the boat about, to push for Cape Barkin. Had his orders been obeyed, he and his men would probably have perished. Fortunately one of the crew, a manly and intelligent fireman named Bartlett, remarked, "I don't believe this river is as small as you imagine; there is plenty of water if we can only find it, and if you will but think a minute, you will see that the river, even here, is as large as the Mississippi at New Orleans." This suggestion turned the scale; Melville persevered in ascending the Lena; and he and his companions probably owed their lives to Bartlett's geographical parallel between the Lena and the Mississippi. They came on a deserted native hut, built a fire, and suffered things unspeakable from the thawing and swelling of their frozen limbs. How they escaped from scurvy is a mystery to themselves, as they had long been without antiscorbutics; and the nature of their wounds and sores was most alarming, and painful even to read about. So the slow upward voyage went on, rendered most difficult by the prevalence of shoal water. Deer were seen at hopeless distances, and native huts were sighted several times; but, alas! no smoke curled up from the holes in the roof. At length, when they were in great doubt about their course, three natives appeared in canoes, and hope revived. The Americans were very clever at sign language, and also at picking up native words, and soon found that Belun, or Belunga, was regarded by the aborigines as the metropolis of pleasure and civilization. At Belun there was brandy, and there was a blacksmith; so Mr. Melville felt like the shipwrecked traveller when he saw a gallows; "for now," said he, "I am got to a Christian country." To reach Belun now became the goal of Melville's ambition. Thence he could communicate with the world, and there he might obtain assistance in the search for De Long. But the natives gave him to understand that Belun was an unattainable goal. Food was too scarce, he and his men were too weak and ill, and the voyage would be rendered impracticable by the freezing of the river, while for long the ice would not be strong enough to form a highway. All this was too true, and, by reason of unavoidable delay, Melville did not even start from the native settlement till the very day (Oct. 30) when the last of De Long's party died. But Melville did not give in without an effort. As the natives would not pilot him, he tried to direct his own course towards Belun, but was driven back to the settlement. A good old fellow named Vasilii was now their guide, and among the Tchukchis they dwelt for weeks. Their food was fish, often raw, and goose, which was very much too "high" and horribly unwholesome. They had some tea of their own, and at last won over a Russian exile, who made the difficult journey to Belun with letters from Melville. He was absent much longer than he had expected. If he could have made better speed perhaps some of De Long's company might, even yet, have been rescued. But the laboriousness of the journey to Belun proved far greater than had been looked for. When Kusma (the Russian messenger) did return, he brought a message from Windemann and Noros, the two seamen whom De Long sent forward, and who, almost beyond all hope, managed to reach native settlements. Then Mr. Melville himself set out for Belun, in a sledge drawn alternately by dogs and deer. Both are "awkward to drive," especially as the dogs eat the deer if they happen to meet on the road. Mr. Melville now was able to send sealed despatches to General Tcherniaeff and the navy department at home, by a Cossack courier. These despatches, he says, led to a singular exhibition of journalistic enterprise and genteel assurance on the part of a Mr. Gilder, the Correspondent of some New York newspaper who chanced to be in these parts. As an example of the effect which the quest of early news produces on the human conscience and conduct, we quote Mr. Melville's account of what occurred:—

The Cossack, who had heard the news at Verkeransk, told Gilder of the contents of the sealed packet, which that spirited journalist straightway induced the derelict courier to surrender into his hands, and coolly broke open. He abstracted the desired particulars, and then forwarded the packet to General Tcherniaeff, sending, however, in advance to the "Herald" an account, taken from my report, of the finding of the bodies of De Long and comrades. He here turned over to his travelling companion, the *espravnik* of Kolyma, Lieutenant Berry's despatches to the Secretary of the Navy, directing him to mail them to the United States, and likewise to forward his telegram to the "Herald." It is needless to state that General Tcherniaeff expressed great surprise to me at the very questionable liberties taken by Mr. Gilder, but dropped the subject at length with the remark that he supposed the breaking of a seal was a matter of little or no consequence in a free country like the United States, but in Russia it was a penal and serious offense, and he assured me that the Cossack would not go unpunished for his part in the transaction.

The remainder of Mr. Melville's extremely interesting book contains the story of his search for the relics of De Long's party, and of his mournful success in finding them. They died like brave men, keeping the record of their experience to the very last; they died without fear or reproach. But the circumstances are already known, and we have not the heart to repeat the tale. More horrible yet (p. 455) is the account of the discovery of Mr. Greely and his starved companions. Mr. Ellison, who had lost feet, hands, and nose, at once expressed his sorrow for the death of De Long; "here was sympathy, sure enough." As to the cause of the starving of Greely's party, Mr. Melville writes:—

The unsuccessful attempt of the *Neptune* to reach Fort Conger or Lady Franklin Bay in 1882, and the return of that vessel to the United States

with all her supplies on board, which should have been cached as near Fort Conger as possible—particularly at Norman Lockyer Island, the highest point attained by the Neptune, at Cape Albert, Cape Sabine, the death camp of Greely's command, or at Littleton Island, where Greely requested the depot of supplies to be made—was followed in 1883 by the double failure of the Proteus and the U. S. steamer Yantic to leave provisions at Cape Sabine and Littleton Island. In other words, these three vessels succeeded in transporting to and beyond the point of disaster sufficient supplies of food to last the Greely party two years or more—and yet, singular to say, either sunk this food in the sea, or brought it back to the United States.

"Some one had blundered," as usual, and we can only hope that no one will blunder when Mr. Melville attacks the Pole. His book is one of the most lively records of suffering courageously borne that can be found even in the annals of Arctic research.

THE STABILITY OF SHIPS.*

SIR E. REED seems to be in some uncertainty as to the best way of addressing his readers, which is not a little singular in a writer who has so often shown that he can be fluent and precise. In his introduction he uses, in a meandering manner, the first and third person singular and the first person plural, as if he was anxious to make experiments in different styles before selecting one. First he introduces himself as "the author," and says that no general work on the subject exists, "so far as he is aware, in our language." At p. 15 he becomes less reserved, and uses the editorial "we"; at p. 20 he gets back to "the author"; but on the next he suddenly drops ceremony altogether, and, using the natural form of expression, which surely he might have started with, says, "I have considered it desirable" to clear up ambiguities, &c. This confusion in the use of a noun substantive and the personal pronouns is not unprecedented in prefaces, and is certainly not important; but it seems curious in the opening pages of an ultra-exact work, and is perhaps not without significance.

Nothing is more marked with scientific writers on naval architecture than their inability to express themselves clearly when addressing the outer world. It is not that they cannot thoroughly explain difficult problems in popular language; that, of course, may be utterly impossible, but that they usually express a simple problem in the least intelligible way, not infrequently making that which is plain seem complicated, and they are unable apparently to give a clear outline, or definitely state a result. A writer of the highest rank on this subject once entirely misled men connected with shipbuilding, who had every possible reason for scanning his words closely, as misunderstanding them involved heavy loss. Instances of obscurity in other writers it would not be difficult to quote, and Sir E. Reed has himself criticized the vague use of an elementary term. In the present case, hovering between "he" and "we" and "the author" and "I," he seems at once to give ominous sign of the haziness which appertains to disquisitions on naval architecture, and the sign, unfortunately, is not a false one; for in the introduction which is thus inconsecutively worded, there is evidence of that elaborate manner of stating simple things which is often dear to the exponents of an imperfect science. Speaking of Professor Elgar's labours he says:—

He has also done good service by bringing into clear view the fact that when we speak of the stability of a ship, we do not usually refer to some intrinsic quality which she possesses of herself, apart from what she carries; but to the stability of the stowed ship, or of the ship and all she carries; and the measure of her stability, therefore, can only be ascertained by taking all the weights on board her into account, both as to their amounts and as to their positions. It is no doubt trite to say that the stability of the ship, thus viewed, varies with every change in the weights on board her, and with every change of position of every weight on board her; but, familiar as the fact may be, its effective force is much too often neglected, and many a ship and many scores of lives have been sacrificed in consequence.

It is to be observed that Sir E. Reed, after explaining some very elementary and obvious facts, speaks of knowledge with regard to them as trite and familiar; and in this he is undoubtedly right, just as he would be right in saying that it is tolerably well known that the earth revolves round the sun, that two and two make four, and that Mr. Gladstone has occasionally changed his opinions. Strange, then, does it seem to find him, after this statement, quoting a long passage from Professor Elgar which is virtually an explanation of the same matter. Now what, we may ask, are we to think of the intelligence of officers of the mercantile marine if we are to suppose that a sailor does not know that the nature and disposition of the cargo affect the stability of the ship? As well assume that a sailor does not know that a vessel is likely to sail badly if she is very much down by the head. What is the meaning of a ship's being "in ballast"? and do scientific writers suppose that a ship's captain or a mate may be under the impression that it does not much matter whether the ballast is put in the hold or 'tween decks? No doubt ships have been lost many times through dangerous loading; but the main cause of this has been undue greed and mismanagement on the part of owners and their agents. When Sir E. Reed takes a specific instance he writes in the same grandfatherly style. Commenting on the sinking of the *Austral*, he speaks as though knowledge of the small initial stability of the ship in a certain condition might have averted the disaster; but has to admit that some simple precau-

tions might have saved her. Without scientific learning sailors may be aware that water ballast increases stability, that when a port is being brought down to the water's edge it is desirable to close it, or to take weight in on the opposite side. Still more remarkable than what Sir E. Reed says about this case is what he states about ships that "loll," concerning which he has the following rather surprising passage:—

Recent events have, however, brought to light the fact—which had not previously been observed—that actual ships (no less than such prismatic bodies as Attwood and other writers have considered) sometimes, in some exceptional conditions, are characterised by the fact that the righting force, tending to return the body "towards" its upright position, either did not exist, or else disappeared at comparatively small angles of inclination; and, after a phase of instability had been passed through, reappeared again while the angle of inclination was still within reasonable limits.

It is difficult to understand what the writer means by "recent events," for he might as well say that it has been recently discovered that a broad ship is usually stiffer than a narrow one. Has he never heard sailors speak of a vessel having "a list"? This expression, which certainly is not of yesterday, which was probably used before any of the present scientific naval architects were born, means that, owing either to faulty shape or wrong distribution of weights, a vessel will not stand upright, but that in still water she leans over at an angle. If pressed beyond it, she will, within certain limits, return to it when the pressure is removed. The fact is undoubted, but scarcely novel, and we fear much that if a scientific professor were to inform a master mariner of it as something he might like to know, he would hear some of that very straightforward language for which English seamen enjoy an unblemished reputation.

This peculiar treatment of simple matters in the preface, which may be in accordance with precedent, but is certainly not satisfactory, augurs ill for the body of the work which follows, and in one respect it must, we fear, be said that the augury is fulfilled. In an article in the *Contemporary Review* of November 1883, from which Sir E. Reed's preface is partly taken, he said:—"It is daily becoming more and more manifest that shipowners, stevedores, masters and mates of merchant vessels, and others are much concerned to understand, at least, the general principles of ship stability, and it would therefore be very unfortunate should nothing be done to remove defects and render the subject clear and exact. This work the present writer has in hand." All unintentionally, Sir E. Reed has scarcely kept the engaging promise here given. We do not underrate the intelligence of officers of the merchant navy; in fact, we rate it a great deal more highly than scientific writers do; but we doubt whether masters and mates will learn more from his book than they can from other works. He is not specially happy or lucid in his treatment of elementary matters. In another respect, however, the evil augury is fortunately by no means fulfilled. To members of the profession to which Sir E. Reed belongs his work cannot but be of the highest value. With untiring zeal and industry he has collected all investigations of any worth relating to stability, and as some of those which he gives have not apparently been published, his book will give to student and professor alike information which can be gained from no other volume. A recapitulation of a series of trains of mathematical reasoning for which symbols and diagrams are indispensable would not be suited to these columns; but it is only fair to say that, so far as can be judged, Sir E. Reed's treatise is exhaustive and shows exactly what present knowledge is. We trust that he may live to publish another edition of it when knowledge with regard to naval architecture generally has greatly advanced, and when its expositors, if they have not discovered the form of least resistance, have learnt how to express themselves clearly, and have found out that there is no need to cry *Eureka* about well-known and not very complex facts.

TWO BOOKS ON THE SOUDAN.*

WHEN an author ventures on re-telling a story which has been already well told, the least one may expect of his enterprise is that it shall be as good, if not better, than its predecessor; and, when he is not only a doctor, but a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, it is surely not exacting to look for freshness, grammar, and good taste in the three hundred and odd pages he has written for you to read. Dr. Williams, who acted as medical attendant to an expedition into the Basé country made by Mr. James and some friends, has attempted to describe what has already been creditably dealt with in *The Wild Tribes of the Soudan*. Had Dr. Williams been able to contribute a fresh chapter to a very interesting history, his book might have justified its aim. But as it in no way forms a new contribution to the subject, and in every way sins against grammar and good taste, there is nothing left but to tell the public how truly bad a book it may expect. Indeed, one more ill constructed than *Life in the Soudan* it would be difficult to conceive; and as at the present crisis its title is likely to mislead many into buying it, we must warn those who are tempted to do so of the disappointment in store for them if they expect anything representative from its pages.

* *Life in the Soudan; Adventures amongst the Tribes, and Travels in Egypt in 1881 and 1882.* By Dr. Josiah Williams, F.R.G.S. London: Remington & Co.

* *My Wanderings in the Soudan.* By Mrs. Speedy. London: Bentley & Sons.

* *A Treatise on the Stability of Ships.* By Sir Edward J. Reed, K.C.B., F.R.S., M.P., &c. London: Griffin & Co.

Scarcely two-thirds of the book are devoted to the Soudan at all, and of these a considerable portion consists of discursive matter of no interest save to the author himself; the remaining third is given up to a facetious account of the journey out and the return home, and this, as it fails to rival either Baedeker or Murray as regards accuracy or style, is not likely to prove of special attraction at the circulating library. Moreover Dr. Williams does not add to the charm of this section of his book by his frequent use of French and Italian terms, particularly as he is at great pains to translate the most familiar of these for the benefit of his readers. Nor indeed is he likely to gain much by his fatal propensity to quote from the Eton Latin Grammar, from Choice Sayings, and from a copious thesaurus of music-hall songs.

To call a tail "a caudal appendage," to speak of spears "making unpleasant incisions in our intercostal spaces," to describe the process of eating fast as "the rapid disappearance of food down the oesophagus," and, finally, to say that "the carnal longings" of the tribes "are never satiated with cold or roast missionary," these are but a few of the many humorous excursions in which Dr. Williams—hardly, we should say, on the strength of his profession—thinks fit to indulge. Something more dignified might have been expected from one of his class. But medical phrases seem in his view made to do duty for playfulness and humour. A certain sense of the picturesque must be conceded to him; but the means at his disposal for conveying it are meagre and untrained. He possesses, too, to some extent, the story-teller's knack; but his digressions, his dissertations, his reflections, general and medical, are those of a tiresome gossip. Such defects, we are afraid, are beyond a cure, for they are temperamental. When he should be serious he is flippant, and when he might be playful he is either solemn or priggish. In justification of the complaint we bring against this author, we are disposed to give a quotation which otherwise we should have spared the reader. It is a fair specimen of the sort of preface by which Dr. Williams ushers in his descriptions. In this case he wants to describe the way in which the Basé tribes feast upon the buffaloes they have killed:—

I will endeavour to describe it [he says], as some of my readers might like to be furnished with particulars. Invalids, persons of delicate organization, and others might, however, like to omit this little account of a Basé feast, which I assure them will not have an appetizing effect. I may here say that there is not the least occasion for me to draw on my imagination and indulge in what some people facetiously call "crackers," which I have not and shall not do, as there is no necessity for doing so, there being abundance of material of a strictly veracious character which I culled from my diary, written carefully down at the time. Incredible as some accounts may appear, I must ask my readers to accept these facts without the usual formula *cum grano salis*. Very well, then, I will write down, and you, reader, can read, mark, and inwardly digest (if you please) without the usual proverbial pinch of salt a description of a scene that I was an eye-witness of; and if I should somewhat interfere with your enjoyment, when called from labour to refreshment, don't blame me, but blame the Basé. All I can say is that this is not what incredulous people call "a traveller's tale," but a "true story." Do not say that "It strikes me that he doth protest too much." I recollect to have seen somewhere or other a pamphlet, entitled *The Stomach and its Trials*. That useful organ in the human body of Basé does not appear to be subject to usual inconveniences, but accommodates itself to circumstances, not unlike an indiarubber bag. The only trial I saw them suffer was trying how much they could stow away without causing a rupture of that viscera.

That a doctor should not express himself like an educated man may justly cause some surprise. We therefore give a few examples of some of Dr. Williams's slovenly forms. In one place he says:—"When in Cairo I saw the slave-market, but was told no slaves have been sold there for the past three or four year." On the same page occurs this:—"The only other Englishman resident at Souakim was Mr. Bewlay; he had at once lived in Jeddah for a time, and he assured me that he had often seen slaves sold there." Again:—"The Arabs have good, regular features; lips and noses like our own. The Basé are the contrary, and more resemble the negro in this respect and their high cheekbones; but they are not nearly so pronounced as the negro." But it is needless to give any more than one further example of such clumsy stuff. As a last chance, we take Dr. Williams on his own subject; and even on this he fails to distinguish himself:—"This was a favourable opportunity for me to deliver a lecture on sanitary precautions. I therefore did so, warning all Europeans to remember that we were not now in England, but in the tropics, where the days were excessively hot and the nights not only cool, but often very cold at this time of year; always to change wet clothing as soon as we get to camp; never to expose themselves to the burning rays of a tropical sun without helmets; and last, but not by any means least, to be extremely careful as to the quality of water they drank, and always to see that the zanzimeers were well washed out before they were replenished." But we are sorry to say that Dr. Williams has been guilty of more than bad English and of worse than tiresome and inconsequent dissertations in this his first, and we would fain hope his last, book. In giving this his own version of an interesting journey into the Basé country he is evidently a prey to certain recollections which he seems ever on the point of imparting to the reader. From so doing, however, he seems restrained by the feeling that his confidences might raise discussion, and so become even more than what it is the fashion to call an open secret. Those who have read Mr. James's account of his expedition will at once resent the course Dr. Williams has taken, and recognize the unfairness of the insinuations in which he permits himself to indulge. We do not at all pretend to know what the point at issue may have been; but, judging of the parties by the tone of their books, we should be disposed to think Dr. Williams's case, whatever it may

be, as weak as his reiterated sneers. In reading an unusually long account of the death of one of the servants attached to the expedition, the impression it inevitably leaves is that Dr. Williams is making a laboured excuse in defence of some charge which has evidently never been brought against him. In conclusion, we may add that the greater part of this curious work is transcript from a diary which at one time bade fair to become the property of some marauding Dembelas. It is to be regretted that their loss has been no one's gain.

Mrs. Speedy's *Wanderings in the Soudan* is a very readable book. Made up of letters sent home to her friends in England, it forms a capital story of adventures among the wild tribes of the Desert and the half-civilized races of Egyptian towns. It possesses many of the best qualities to be looked for in the correspondence of an educated lady, and is marred by few of the vices common to a first book. Mrs. Speedy seems to have something like a fear of authorship. When she wrote these, her experiences, no thought of their ultimate publication once disturbed her, and this may account in some sort for much of the charm and simplicity of these letters. "Urgent requests" on the part of friends have led to their appearance in print, and it must be said that they are introduced to the world in a preface unnecessarily modest as coming from one of the very few English ladies who have ventured on a tour through the Soudan. Mrs. Speedy is under the impression that Lady Baker and herself are the only English ladies who have penetrated so far into the interior, but it should be pointed out that, so far back as the Fifties, Mr. George Melly was accompanied by his mother and daughter on a journey to Khartoum.

Few can read these volumes without being impressed by the unflinching spirit in which Mrs. Speedy met all the difficulties of the camp-life to which she was exposed. Even illness, depriving her of the power to take part in the daily work of her companions, failed to deaden her zeal or to blunt her desire for further exploits. More than once left alone with the lazy and unwilling camel-drivers, while Captain Speedy was out in search of game, she seemed seldom troubled by the perils of her position. Perhaps one of the most trying moments of this journey was the one when, on arriving at Kassala, Captain Speedy, who had preceded her by several hours, was nowhere to be found. Through the petty spite of an Arab guide, who wrongly described the road leading to the town, Mrs. Speedy entered the place by a different route to that taken by her husband. The consequence was a long and wearying search through sun-scorched streets, and a series of fruitless attempts to make what little Arabic she knew intelligible to her hearers. At last, after many disappointments, the two met, this being effected mainly through the tact and kindness of an Italian lady, whose husband was the proprietor of a menagerie. Through her Mrs. Speedy was eventually enabled to see a good deal of life at Kassala, especially that led by the native ladies, which without such an introduction she could hardly have hoped to see. A festival at which she was present forms one of the most interesting chapters in the book. In fact, we know of few descriptions of Kassala and its curious round of life that surpass in picturesqueness the author's account of the Desert city. The party had travelled there by the caravan route from Souakim, and the difficulties they encountered on the way through the indolence and obstinacy of camel-drivers and guides were no exception to the rule. Mrs. Speedy was the worst sufferer, for in her case the journey was made on an ass without a bridle. On leaving Kassala for the further journey to the region of the Settit a substitute was found for the ass in a huge camel, and the sight of the European lady mounted on its back excited no little curiosity and wonder among the natives. On one occasion some women requesting an interview with her, treated Mrs. Speedy, as at first appeared, somewhat roughly. It turned out, however, that certain attempts on their part to turn back her sleeves meant nothing more than a desire to ascertain whether she were really white. But incidents such as this formed only the serio-comic element of the journey. There were others of a graver character, and among these was the appearance of hyenas in the camp at night. On the whole, however, there was more rumour of danger than of danger itself. At El Gwaiya the travellers fell in with the collector of wild animals to whose hospitality so many can attest, and the days passed near his zeribeh are memorable ones in Mrs. Speedy's recollections. She was stricken with fever at the time, and it was in great part due to the solicitude of a German doctor on his holiday that her health was restored. It had been Captain and Mrs. Speedy's intention to visit Abyssinia, but owing to the disturbed state of the country in 1877 this was impossible. They therefore had to content themselves with seeing what they could of the Abyssinian hills as they passed along the borders on their return. While nearing the sea-board on the road to Tokar, they were pursued by a sand-storm. "To be overtaken by a sand-storm," says the author, "was the one thing that had always an insurmountable terror for me; lions and robbers paled before it. I felt that it might mean an agonizing death; and to fall victims to that now on our way home, after having braved so many other perils, would have been a woeful finale. On the horizon coming up behind us was a dense wall of impenetrable dust and sand. It had been scarcely visible in the morning, and even at the time I am speaking of it was only rising into view; but the keen Arabs, children of the desert, had descried the long dark line as it lay almost immovable in the early morning, and scented the possible danger. Should the wind rise, it would be brought up rapidly, and might sweep over us before we could reach Tokar." The race to outstrip it was a fierce one. Happily

the wind changed, and swept the storm another way. But for this chance it is a question whether these interesting "Wanderings" would have ever seen the light. In conclusion, we must point out that the names of places and persons are not always accurately given, a shortcoming due probably to the fact that they have been jotted down from hearsay. Walad el Michael, the rebel chief of Bogos, for instance, figures as "Walda Inchael."

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE story how Russia became European is too commonly identified with the history of Peter the Great, as if the two made but one. Not that the great Czar's share in this mighty change can well be overrated, but that sufficient account is not taken of the other factors, whether impalpable or incarnate in individuals, that preceded and continued his activity. Baron von der Brüggen's work (1) takes account of them all, in a very pleasant and readable fashion. He shows how, previous to Peter's accession, civilizing influences were already beginning to sap the rampart of Muscovite barbarism. In 1620 the Swedish envoy reported to Gustavus Adolphus, "The Russians hate foreigners, but can do nothing without them." Their own culture, such as it was, being purely ecclesiastical, was incapable of change or development, and new light could only penetrate by the intrusion of foreign elements, which, from geographical conditions, must be principally Polish and German. The Czars Michael and Alexis Romanoff incurred considerable unpopularity by their encouragement of foreign ideas; it was the glory of Peter to have carried out boldly and with deliberate purpose what his predecessors had only timidly connived at or languidly promoted. Under him the heaven of foreign culture became potent; it is the misfortune of Russia that it has never become omnipotent. The apparently inexplicable spread of Nihilism is in some measure comprehensible as an instinctive reaction against a yoke of civility to which the nation has never accommodated itself. The cause, as Baron von der Brüggen points out, lies not only in the innate rudeness of the people, but in Peter's resolution to force Russia prematurely into the rank of a great European Power, which both impeded the concentration of his efforts upon the general improvement of the country, and estranged the elements which Russia most needed for her regeneration. Political necessity compelled the Government, instead of borrowing from the Germans, Poles, and Ruthenians who were added to the Empire, to force Russian institutions upon them; and hence, instead of European influence having permeated Russia, Russia and Western Europe occupy in some sort a position of antagonism, and a thorough Russian can hardly be more than a semi-European. The latter chapters powerfully describe the condition of Russia during the preponderance of the foreign element under Anne and her favourite Biron, followed by a reaction which, while preserving whatever of foreign importation was necessary to a great military and diplomatic Power, has kept the great body of the nation ignorant and barbarous. So it will continue, in Baron von der Brüggen's opinion, until the apparently very remote period when Russia shall have laid aside all schemes of foreign aggression, and devoted herself to the improvement of her domestic institutions.

Ludwig Riess's little treatise on the right of election in the ancient English Parliament (2) is mainly directed to clear up points left, as he thinks, obscure by Bishop Stubbs, the extent to which this right was enjoyed, the conditions necessary to a legal return, and the description of persons who were eligible. He considers that up to 1406 absolute unanimity of election was requisite, and that the influence of the representatives on the general affairs of the nation was exceedingly slight. Not until 1461 were the conditions of election and representation well defined, and the Lower House of Parliament recognized as a great factor in the government of the State. These views will no doubt excite much attention, which the ability with which they are put forth fully merits.

Gustav Biedermann's "Philosophy of History," (3) a single volume of a projected work of uncertain dimensions, consists partly of narrative, partly of reflections. The narrative is generally accurate, the reflections are commonly just; but it is not easy to understand how, taken together, they can amount to a philosophy of history. The work, ranging from epoch to epoch within the compass of a few pages, and tossing about great names in history and philosophy as a juggler plays with his cups and balls, presupposes such an amount of historical knowledge in the reader that it can hardly be intelligible except where it is superfluous.

Dr. Hermann Hallwich, the modern champion of Wallenstein (4), has conceived the idea of publishing a series of miniature biographies of his hero's principal officers. The only objection is, that these rough soldiers of fortune will probably be found marvellously alike, "fortisque Gyas, fortisque Cloanthus." There can, however, be no repetition in the case of the first member of the series, the Walloon General Merode, who, after long and honourable service in Hungary, Italy, and Germany, was mortally

(1) *Wie Russland europäisch wurde. Studien zur Kulturgeschichte.* Von Ernst Freiherrn von der Brüggen. Leipzig: Veit. London: Nutt.

(2) *Geschichte des Wahlrechts zum Englischen Parlament im Mittelalter.* Von L. Riess. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Nutt.

(3) *Philosophie der Geschichte.* Von Gustav Biedermann. Prag: Tempelky. London: Nutt.

(4) *Gestalten aus Wallensteins Lager.* 1. Johann Merode. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Nutt.

wounded in the battle of Oldendorf, where he was totally defeated by the Swedes and Hessians, July 1633. He would seem to have been a thoroughly good officer, better educated and less rapacious than most of his comrades, and to have thoroughly deserved the confidence reposed in him by Wallenstein.

Goethe's devotion to the Empress of Austria, Maria Louisa's mother, has not escaped his biographers, but they seem to have been unaware of anything beyond a casual acquaintance between him and one of her ladies, the Countess O'Donnell (5), widow of a statesman who had contributed something towards the restoration of the ruined finances of the Austrian Empire. The letters now published from the originals in the possession of her family certainly make good her claim to be enrolled upon the extensive list of the ladies for whom Goethe entertained a cordial regard, though this is mainly to be inferred from the general warmth of tone. The contents, indeed, are in general insignificant, and chiefly interesting as displaying Goethe's genuine attachment to the Empress of Austria, and as exhibiting him in easy relations with the polite society which he cultivated in his later years. His acquaintance with the Countess was most intimate at the baths of Toplitz, where they both made a considerable sojourn in 1812, but the correspondence was continued at intervals until 1823. One curious addition to the volume is a hitherto unpublished portrait of Goethe, taken in 1812 by an amateur, and we should say by no means a skilful one.

Another correspondence, slight in itself, but interesting on account of the writers, is that between the eminent chemists Wöhlers and Berzelius (6). The extracts from the letters of the former, edited by Professor Hjelt, display the writer in a very advantageous light. He appears the model of an intelligent and faithful disciple, devoted to his instructor, defending the latter's views as long as he can, but too loyal to truth to persist in advocating such as have been demonstrated to be erroneous, and at the same time too much attached to his master to pain him by avowing his dissent. The little book also affords some glimpses of the character of Liebig, and of the first reception of Dumas's discoveries by the German chemists.

A History of Electricity (7), by Dr. Edmund Hoppe, perfectly fulfils the design of the author, which has not been to provide a perfect record of every experiment in the science, but to trace its general development from its earliest beginnings to its recent stupendous practical developments. It is clear, condensed, compact, and exceedingly interesting. The accidental discovery of galvanism, so often misrepresented, is correctly detailed from the discoverer's own report. Ampère's claim to have conceived the first idea of the electro-magnetic telegraph is fully recognized, as also Reis's to the invention of the telephone. It would hardly have been thought possible that in an age like ours such an invention would have been allowed to lie dormant for fifteen years until rediscovered by Melville Bell.

Grisebach's standard work on the geography of plants reappears in a second edition (8), not materially altered, in consequence, as may be inferred, of the death of the author, but enriched with various additions, mainly derived from Tchibatcheff's French translation. The work, it need not be repeated, is most valuable, especially on account of the attention given to the phenomena of climate in their influence on vegetation. The earth is distributed by the writer into twenty-four botanical climates, the first five of which, comprising the greater part of Europe and Asia, receive as much attention as all the rest.

The discussion of pessimism as a working system of ethical philosophy loses much of its interest from the consideration that its only logical result is one which can never be reduced to practice. If pessimists were in earnest, they would leave the field of battle entirely to the optimists; and their continuance upon it, even as lugubrious bards or revolutionary incendiaries, is a proof that their principles have taken no strong hold upon them. Herr Plümacher's historical review of the subject (9), though not so intended, rather confirms this view of the subject, by showing that nearly all the illustrious men who may be cited as apparent favourers of pessimism have saved themselves from despair in one way or another, most commonly by invoking religion to redress the deranged balance of philosophy.

The title of Herr Gregorovius's dainty little book on Corfu (10) might lead one to anticipate a fiction or a poem of the kind of which he and Paul Heyse have given us graceful examples; but it merely refers to the idyllic beauty of the island, which seems to justify the Homeric legends of Alcinoüs and the Phæacians.

The fourth series of F. von Hohenhausen's "Famous Lovers" (11) belongs, like its forerunners, to the very lightest

(5) *Goethe und Gräfin O'Donnell. Ungedruckte Briefe nebst dichterischen Beilagen.* Herausgegeben von Dr. R. M. Warner. Berlin: Hertz. London: Nutt.

(6) *Bruchstücke aus den Briefen F. Wöhlers an J. Berzelius.* Herausgegeben von Dr. E. Hjelt. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Nutt.

(7) *Geschichte der Elektrizität.* Von Dr. E. Hoppe. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Die Vegetation der Erde nach ihrer klimatischen Anordnung.* Von A. Grisebach. Zweite vermehrte und berichtigte Auflage. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Kolckmann.

(9) *Der Pessimismus in Vergangenheit und Gegenwart.* Von O. Plümacher. Heidelberg: Weiss. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Korfu. Eine ionische Idylle.* Von F. Gregorovius. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolckmann.

(11) *Berühmte Liebespaare.* Von F. von Hohenhausen. Vierte Folge. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Kolckmann.

kind of light literature, only intended or adapted for idle readers whose time is of no value. As, however, this is a somewhat numerous class, it will, no doubt, find a public. Catharine and Orloff, Elizabeth and Leicester, Goethe and Lili, are among the couples whose history is retold.

Professor Gaspari's History of Italian Literature promises to be the ideal of a thoroughly useful introduction, occupying a middle position between an exhaustive work on the subject and a student's manual (12). The first volume comes down to the time of Petrarch, and more than half of it is devoted to him and Dante, Boccaccio, with the subject of early Italian prose in general, being reserved for the next volume. The accounts of Petrarch and Dante are very clear and instructive, but perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the picture of the early struggles of Italy to acquire a national language and literature, which left the impress on what was then a merely provincial jargon, of compositions written according to the rules of classical Latin. Side by side with this spirit, and arising from the same artistic instinct, occur traces of a movement anticipating the Humanism of later ages, which frequently brought its promoters into collision with the Church. Professor Gaspari, agreeing with the best scholars among the Italians themselves, is unable to find any clear evidence of the existence of Italian as a literary language before the beginning of the thirteenth century. The literature is, in fact, the youngest of the great modern literatures, although the earliest to attain full growth. Both phenomena are sufficiently accounted for by the influence of classical institutions and traditions in the land where they were naturally most powerful. Immense progress has been made of late years in the study of the early Italian language and literature, and Professor Gaspari's notes prove that he is thoroughly abreast with the latest development of inquiry.

The illuminations in the manuscript of the Pentateuch belonging to Lord Ashburnham, especially in their relation to those of the illuminated Genesis at Vienna, form the subject of an interesting essay by Anton Springer (13). His conclusion is that the pictures respectively belong to quite different schools, the Vienna imitating ancient mural paintings, and the Ashburnham reproducing the style of illustrations of Scripture now lost, which are supposed to have been used as auxiliaries to devotion by the early Christians.

The third part of the publication of A. W. Schlegel's Lectures on Literature and Art from the original manuscripts (14) embraces those treating of romantic literature—a term which, as used by him, is equivalent to the literature of mediæval Europe. The first part treats of early German poetical literature, from its earliest beginnings to Hans Sachs; the second of Italian *belles lettres*, particularly Dante and Boccaccio. The MS. is in some places imperfect; it has, however, been carefully corrected, and fairly represents the speaker's actual language. Much is by this time superseded, or has become common property; but it is still possible to appreciate the great effect produced by this manifesto of a second Renaissance, the reaction against effete Gallicism and classicism in the direction of romance, chivalry, ecclesiasticism, and the ideals of the middle ages.

The scene of Felix Dahn's last novel (15)—begun, however, thirteen years ago—is laid partly in Syria, partly in Germany. Neither the plot nor the characters are sufficiently powerful to create any deep impression; it is, nevertheless, a lively, bustling, stirring story, the more animated for being almost entirely in dialogue. The last chapter, describing the march of the sandhills on the Baltic coast, proves that the writer possesses not only dramatic faculty, but considerable descriptive power.

C. M. Seyppel has added a third to his series of comic Egyptian books. The subject this time is the Plagues of Egypt, with the Exodus, in which some allusion to the anti-Jewish agitation in Germany may be suspected. The illustrations are cleverer and more grotesque than ever, the text not quite so good, and from the artificial discoloration of the paper not always easy to read.

The poems of F. H. O. Weddigen (16, 17) and of Martin Greif possess the merits of simplicity and melody. Their principal defect is that habitual with minor German lyrical poetry—deficiency of subject, verging, or more than verging, upon bathos and commonplace. Greif is the less open of the two to this imputation, but many of his most agreeable pieces are mere echoes of his predecessors.

Ruben, the last work of the late Heinrich Laube (18), is a pretty story, somewhat old-fashioned in style, as might be expected from the age of the author. It turns principally upon the social disqualifications of the Jews in Austria, and the moral is the very sensible one that it is much better for an Austrian mother to marry her daughter to a respectable and high-minded Jew than to an

Italian adventurer connected with the Irredentists, with neither character nor money. A recent tragical affair in Hungary, raising the question whether Jews are entitled to fight duels, is obviously alluded to, but all is arranged without effusion of blood.

Anglia (19) contains as usual a number of interesting articles on early English literature and philology, but only two of any length—a severe review of Mrs. Pott's edition of Bacon's *Promus*, and the extraordinary theories grounded upon it, by R. P. Wülcker; and a very elaborate investigation of the English palatals, by Emil Förster.

Dr. Moritz Trautmann's (20) reputation guarantees the value, if not the infallibility, of his treatise on vocal sounds. The subject is as abstruse and difficult as any to which human ingenuity can be applied, and Dr. Trautmann is obliged to coin new words to render it moderately comprehensible.

Alexander Kielland's "Fortuna," the leading fiction of the *Deutsche Rundschau* (21), supports the increasing distinction of the modern Scandinavian school. The leading idea is the demoralization of middle-class society by haste to be rich, leading pastors to promote, and peasants to confide in, financial speculations which the reader foresees must end in ruin. The good old simplicity of a less adventurous time is incidentally sketched very happily in a biographical article, Albert Duncker's memoirs of the youth of the brothers Grimm. None have more characteristically illustrated the best sides of the German character. A valuable paper on the financial position of the chief European countries, by R. von Kaufmann, discloses the surprising circumstance that only 41 per cent. of the revenue of the German Empire is derived from taxation, the remainder coming from railways and other property belonging to the State. The writer is scarcely just to our own financial administration; for he omits to point out how considerable a proportion of the sum annually devoted to the service of the debt is devoted to its reduction by terminable annuities, and the exceptionally favourable position which this country will occupy if this policy is continued for another generation. He has discovered that the German bounties on refined sugar are chiefly beneficial to foreign consumers. Herr Paul Güsfeldt continues his account of his exploration of the Andes, and acknowledges in the warmest terms the assistance he received from an hospitable Chilian, Don Olegario Soto.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. MONTFERRIER'S letters on Hungary and the northern part of the Balkan Peninsula (1), which were originally published in the *Journal des Débats*, make a volume which is not the less worthy of the study of the politician that the author has some curious notions, and that his book is, as he describes it, very much of a *voyage de fantaisie*. He set about it so little systematically that he not only surrendered quite calmly his chance and his hopes of visiting Constantinople, but seems to have been tempted neither by propinquity nor by desire of completeness to visit Eastern Roumelia, Roumania, Turkish Epirus, Macedonia, or the Austrian provinces on the shore of the Adriatic. A really capable and serious study of the whole peninsula, coloured neither by Turcomania nor by Turcophobia, neither by Austromania nor by Austrophobia, neither by Russomania nor by Russophobia, would be one of the greatest services that any traveller with brains, time, and means could do to geographical politics at this present time. M. Montferrier appears to be disqualified for any such service, not merely by a great lack of *esprit de suite*, but by a strong attack of the most amiable, but at the same time the most imbecile, form of patriotic monomania. According to him, everybody loves Frenchmen and longs for their appearance. Now, wherever manifest destiny may call France, it certainly is dumb in the Balkans. Russia, Austria, Italy may have missions in that quarter; but France certainly has not. It would be a great deal more reasonable for England to aspire to a slice of Turkey in Europe—an aspiration which, except as far as Constantinople itself or the Dardanelles as an Eastern Gibraltar are concerned, the wildest English Jingo has never, to our knowledge, entertained. Certainly M. Montferrier does not actually demand annexations; but he seems to think that France has got something to do with the country, and laments the precipitancy and bad management of the Union Générale in a tone which seems to have much more to do with politics than with business. Still his book, as manifestly genuine of its kind, has value, especially as showing how very improbable is the maintenance of the kingdoms and principalities *pour rire* which the mutual jealousies of European Powers have set up south of the Danube.

Indiscrétions contemporaines (2) assumes a vice which it has not, and which it does not need to assume. M. Joseph d'Arçay appears to have occasionally contributed to the *Figaro* articles on various subjects chiefly containing *souvenirs* of recently deceased

(12) *Geschichte der Italienischen Literatur*. Bd. 1. Von Adolf Gaspari. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Nutt.

(13) *Die Genesis: Bilder in der Kunst des frühen Mittelalters, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf den Ashburnham Pentateuch*. Von A. Springer. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Nutt.

(14) *A. W. Schlegel's Vorlesungen über schöne Literatur und Kunst*. Th. 3. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Die Kreuzfahrer. Erzählung aus dem dreizehnten Jahrhundert*. Von Felix Dahn. 2 Bde. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(16) *Neue Gedichte*. Von F. H. O. Weddigen. Kassel: Kleinenhagen. London: Williams & Norgate.

(17) *Gedichte*. Von Martin Greif. Dritte stark vermehrte Auflage. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

(18) *Ruben. Ein moderner Roman*. Von Heinrich Laube. Leipzig: Haessel. London: Nutt.

(19) *Anglia: Zeitschrift für englische Philologie*. Herausgegeben von R. P. Wülcker. Bd. 7, Hft. 2. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Nutt.

(20) *Die Sprachlaute*. Von Moritz Trautmann. 1. Hälfte. Leipzig: Fock. London: Williams & Norgate.

(21) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. xi. Heft 4. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(1) *Voyage de fantaisie politique en Autriche-Hongrie, en Serbie et en Bulgarie*. Par H. G. Montferrier. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Indiscrétions contemporaines*. Par Joseph d'Arçay. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

persons. These he has collected here. They are for the most part interesting reading. That odd and much-reviled person, Dr. Véron, has a long article to himself; a still longer one is devoted to "Les journalistes d'autrefois," *autrefois* being chiefly Louis-Philippe's time. The rich store of materials for the history of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is added to, and in other papers of different kinds curious and interesting matter will be found. The book nowhere offends good taste, and is written with a complete absence of pretension.

We have seen better work of M. Ernest d'Hervilly's than that contained in *L'Homme jaune* (3), a series of tales of the grotesque kind. But the author distinctly belongs to the better class of French litterateurs; he has an ingenious and fertile fancy, a considerable command of the comic, and a faculty of writing which is not obscured by his reprehensible fancy for burlesque periphrasis, distortions of phrase, and other tricks which he could well afford to disdain.

Le Taton (4) perhaps suffers from the remembrance which it incites in the reader of Charles de Bernard's sombre but powerful tale of nearly the same title. The agony is piled up high at the end; perhaps too high. When M. Dodillon (5) dedicates his volume in adoring terms to M. de Goncourt, the reader naturally fears excesses of naturalism in matter and preciousness in style. The tales, however (there are three in the volume), deserve some commendation, though there are traces of the faults of M. Dodillon's *vénéré maître*. We take no shame for avowing our complete agreement with some words which a recent writer has assigned to no less a person than M. Ludovic Halévy—"Je ne comprends presque rien à l'engouement pour les Goncourt." But M. Dodillon evidently has talent. *Le passé de Claudie* (6) boasts itself as embodying recent private history; we love not such books. In *Le duc rouge* (7) M. P. Mahalin once more shows his generous taste for the manner of Alexander Maximus. The name of Camille Le Senne has been generally seen in collaboration with that of M. Texier. It is now attached independently to an art novel (8), or perhaps we should call it a studio novel, which has some lively points. "Que mille millions de Manets te manetissent" is a good mouth-filling oath, and it can be used as a blessing or a curse, according to the diversity of men's tastes. *La maison Giniel* (9) is a story of the intrigues of a pretty, wicked woman, in whom virtue triumphs, but at some expense. *Les incertitudes de Livia* (10) contains three tales by an author whose name is, we think, new to us. They are written with some power, and with a remarkable freedom from any predominating literary influence. We shall, as F. B. says, keep our eye on Forsan.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MR. F. C. MONTAGUE, like many others, is of opinion that the average Englishman is a very stupid fellow. Still he recognizes the existence of some "even in our country" who "like to criticize their own opinions." For their benefit he has written a treatise on *The Limits of Individual Liberty* (Rivingtons). He is, withal, modest about it, and does not pretend to do more than help the very dullest a step or two on. Unfortunately his clients, when they pay any attention to such things, are too thoroughly wrapped up in the party politics he holds so cheap to care much for speculation on such a large subject as the nature of government. Besides, it is the opinions of the other side which they prefer to criticize. As for the persons who, "even in our own country," have ideas, they, we are afraid, will not find much to profit by in Mr. Montague. They will find him a little barren, and by no means new. His observations on "the limits of individual freedom" are neither absurd in themselves nor written in bad English. On the contrary, they are very sensible, and Mr. Montague has a wholesome respect for his mother tongue. But more than good sense and unaffected English is needed to make a treatise of such scope as this valuable. Mr. Montague is greatly troubled about the difficulty of drawing the line. He sees, as others have seen before now, that men make institutions, and then institutions make men. With this text to preach on, Mr. Montague is able to show that many most solid-seeming philosophers have covered a deal of paper to little purpose. He even ventures to doubt whether the words of Herbert Spencer are as the oracle of God. All that is very well, but where is it to lead us? In Mr. Montague's case, it leads to nothing more satisfactory than the rather self-evident statement that nobody has yet succeeded in reading the riddle of the painful earth. There he leaves us. The wisdom of the conclusion is unimpeachable. Indeed, we have nothing to say against Mr. Montague's wisdom. He recognizes facts and describes them pretty accurately. As an example of what an intelligent and unprejudiced tutor ought to say to an ingenuous youth, his book has merits. It is, however, a tenable opinion that a treatise on *The*

Limits of Individual Liberty ought to show some originality of thought set forth with some individuality of style.

"May we style the present Sovereign of Britannia Her Magnifical Majesty the Over Queen?" asks the Alderfirst of Ababrelton, author of *Britannia Magna* (Wyman & Sons). If we did not recognize him as a wicked wag, we should say certainly not. But he is a wicked wag. The Alderfirst has undertaken to reduce certain vague ideas as to the possibility of sinking this kingdom and the dominions thereunto appertaining into a brand-new empire to practice. "A reflecting individual, looking below the surface, cannot fail to be forcibly impressed with the fact that we are now in a transition state." Beginning with this admirable platitude, the Alderfirst goes on to show how things will be managed when we are all Britannians and belong to the magnity of Britannia. He regulates everything from the constitution of the Supremate down to the stripes of a corporal's uniform. His burlesque has only one fault. It is nearly as sensible as any scheme we have ever seen for constructing a general Imperial Government with the help of representatives from the Colonies. Now, a burlesque ought to be extremely absurd, even though it is so by excess of logic.

Bookbinding for Amateurs, by W. J. E. Crane (L. Upcott Gill), is a practical handbook. Mr. Crane describes the professional method, and then shows how the amateur may modify it for his private convenience. We find the author's directions simple, and intelligible as far as language is concerned; but the amateur cannot surely need so much machinery. Southey's daughters did without all those presses, we take it, when they bound the Cottonian Library. However, these be mysteries. We can honestly recommend Mr. Crane's book on the general grounds that it is well written and that the author seems to have reasonably good taste.

In Memoriam: a Selection from Sermons by the Rev. Greville Phillimore, M.A. (Henley-on-Thames: Thomas O. Hogg) is the descriptive title of a modest volume issued by his family and parishioners in memory of the late Rector of Henley-on-Thames.

The Proceedings of the International Conference on Education, London, 1884 (Clowes & Sons), make four stout, closely-printed volumes. They are not blue-books, simply because they are bound in a gritty, sea-sick, olive-green cloth, but they have the merits and defects of that kind of literature. Mr. R. Cowper is the editor.

Our list of new editions includes *Court Life Below Stairs*, by J. Fitzgerald Molloy (Ward & Downey); *Lives of Famous Poets*, by W. M. Rossetti, a companion volume to Moxon's *Popular Poets* (Ward, Lock, & Co.); *Folly Morrison*, by Frank Barrett (Ward & Downey); *Grif: a Story of Australian Life*, by B. L. Farjeon (Ward & Downey), and a heavy volume containing *Rob Roy* and *Kenilworth* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) They are illustrated by MM. Courboin, Durant, and Toussaint, who, unless we are much mistaken, worked for the French illustrated edition. The plates to *Rob Roy* are excellent in drawing, though poorly printed; those to *Kenilworth* are inferior in all respects. We have received Vol. XVII. of the *Family Herald Supplements* (William Stevens).

We have also received a handful of miniature books brought out by various publishing houses which seem to have been trying which can turn out the smallest and neatest thing of the kind. The place of honour is due to a stranger and a lady. Miss Helen Johnson edits a boxful of oblong little books containing *Epigram* and *Epitaph* (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons). *The Perfect Home* is the name of a series of handbooks on the duties of husbands, wives, and children (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), by the Rev. J. R. Miller. *Angel Whispers* (Marcus Ward), by the author of *Bible Forget-me-nots*, are divided into morning and evening and printed in letters of gold. *The Pocket Dictionary of 1,000 Christian Names*, with the meanings explained in four different ways (James Hogg), is already popular.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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(3) *L'homme jaune*. Par Ernest d'Hervilly. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(4) *Le Taton*. Par E. Giraud. Paris: Ollendorff.

(5) *Le moulin Blanc*. Par E. Dodillon. Paris: Lemerre.

(6) *Le passé de Claudie*. Par P. Gerfaut. Paris: Ollendorff.

(7) *Le duc rouge*. Par P. Mahalin. Paris: Tresee.

(8) *Louise Mengal*. Par C. Le Senne. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(9) *La maison Giniel*. Par L. Girard. Paris: Plon.

(10) *Les incertitudes de Livia*. Par Forsan. Paris: Ollendorff.

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